

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

NEW SERIES.

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No. 497—Vol. V.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED, 4D.

MÜLLER.

MÜLLER still remains the hero of the hour. His voyage from New York to Liverpool has been described with the most wonderful minuteness. We have been made acquainted with every incident that happened to him on board the steamer, and so much light has been thrown on the habits and manners of the man that we really know more about him at this moment than about any other public character. If he feels seasick, at half-past eight in the morning, he calls for hot brandy-and-water. When he has finished his brandy-and-water hot, he has recourse to the same mixture cold. Bitter ale is another of his favourite drinks. He can dine off meat and potatoes; but on Tuesday last he did not seem to enjoy his meal as much as usual, and "became depressed until he heard a drunken Irishman, in the yard, bawling and swearing." This, we are told, caused him much amusement; "and he spoke of the great prevalence of drunkenness in this country." It is to be regretted that the moral reflections in which Müller indulges from time to time have not been more carefully treasured up. In the meanwhile several of his remarks on literary subjects have been preserved. He has read "Pickwick," and considers it an amusing work. He is of opinion that "Martin Chuzzlewit" is calculated to maintain the author's reputation, and would like to know more of Mr. Dickens's productions. It may be difficult to accommodate Müller with a drunken Irishman every time that he fails to enjoy his meat and potatoes, but the least the prison authorities can do for him is to furnish him with a supply of Mr. Dickens's writings. We shall then, let us hope, hear no more of this dejection which

comes upon him after a heavy meal, and which neither the *Quiver* nor *Once a Week* was able to dispel.

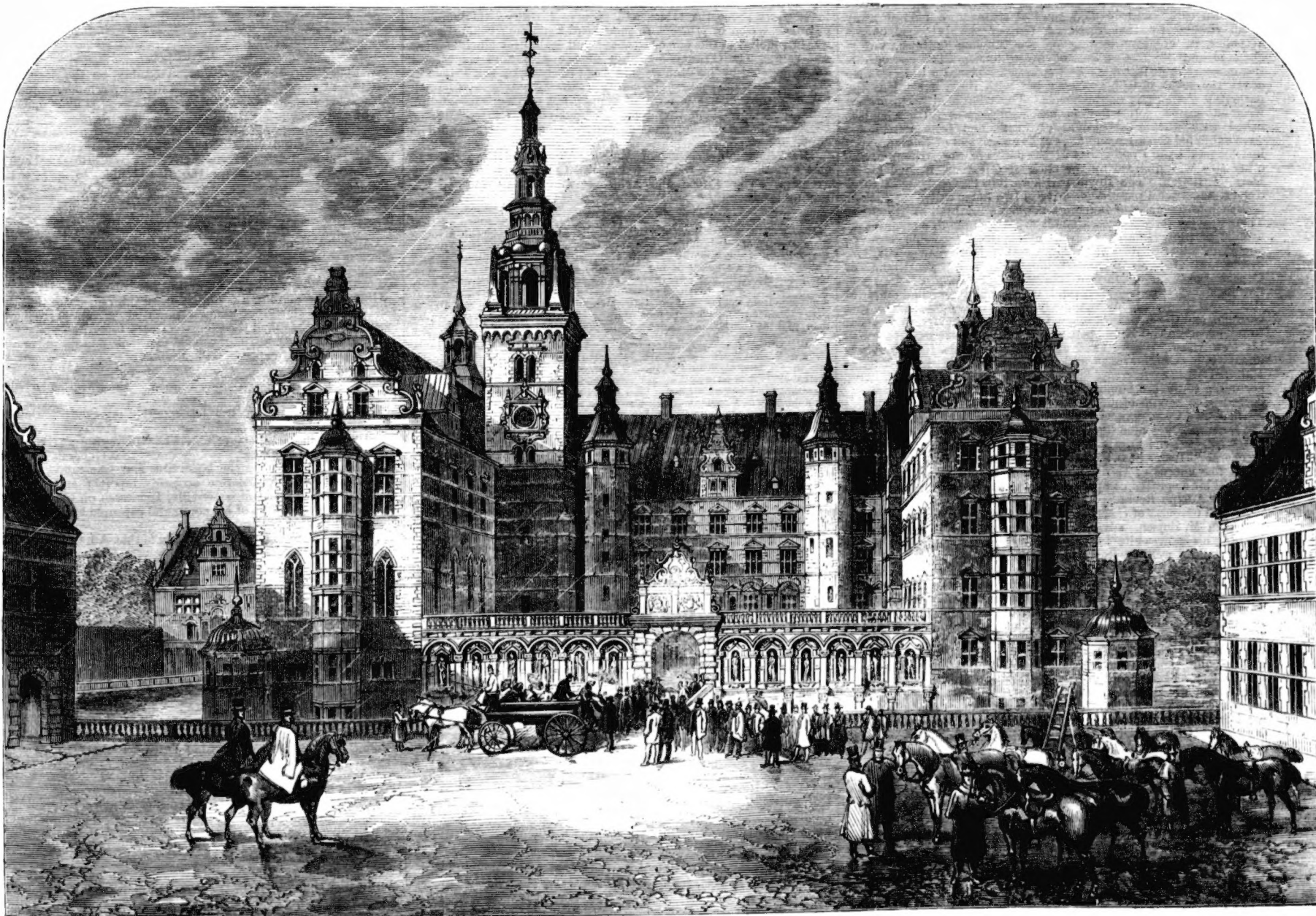
In spite of the sad prevalence of drunkenness in this country, Müller likes England, and the English certainly seem to like Müller. One of his most enthusiastic admirers forced his way into the police office at Liverpool, where the hero was detained for a few hours, and succeeded in shaking him by the hand. Hundreds of "respectably-dressed persons" endeavoured also to get admittance into his presence, and were prepared to bribe the police had the police been corruptly disposed. The "mob," however, did not share the enthusiasm of the "respectably-dressed persons," and were even vulgar enough to hoot the interesting man who had, somehow or other, become possessed of the late Mr. Briggs's watch and chain. "These marks of popular dislike did not in any way discompose Müller," who appears to have an aristocratic cast of mind, and who, no doubt, looks upon our English rabble very much as Herr von Bismarck-Schönhausen regards the Prussian Parliament.

On being asked by one of his inquisitive visitors whether he thought he could prove his innocence, Müller replied (in the emphatic words of the marriage-service) "I do." He will not, however, be called upon to prove his innocence. It will be enough for him if the prosecution should fail to establish his guilt. At present, the evidence against him is, legally speaking, very slight; but one would think that the mere fact of his having been found wearing the spoils of a murdered man ought to be sufficient to check the ardour of those lovers of the notorious who pursue

him with such earnest and, in some cases, even with such affectionate interest.

In spite of the solicitude shown for all Müller's wants—a solicitude which is reserved in this country for persons accused of horrible crimes, and which is never displayed towards prisoners charged with petty, almost venial offences—some German association is in some quarters supposed to have assumed that he may not be fairly treated by our English tribunals, and that the jury may be influenced by the prevailing feeling on the subject of the crime of which Müller is accused. This, if it be the feeling of the Germans in London, is really absurd. Against the murderer of Mr. Briggs a "prejudice" no doubt exists; but we have been accustomed too long to examine the operation of our laws to confound accusation with proof; and, so far from Müller having been prejudged by the public voice, we are inclined to think that a large portion of the public would rejoice at his acquittal. A considerable number of newspaper readers cannot help sympathising with a man who enjoys the books that they enjoy, who takes kindly to the bitter ale which is their habitual beverage, and who "appears to relish any little joke that is parsed on general subjects." These little traits familiarise them with and reconcile them to the man; and, seeing so much that is human in him, they find it difficult to believe that he can really have committed an inhuman action.

In the first place, then, the copious accounts that have been published of Müller's sayings and doings since his arrest have not at all had the effect of setting the public against him. Secondly, the jury who will have to decide the question of his



VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO DENMARK: ARRIVAL OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AT FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE

innocence or guilt will, if the prisoner so desire it, be composed half of Englishmen and half of foreigners. Thirdly, our criminal procedure is conducted on such liberal principles that no man against whom there is not direct evidence from the very first need be found guilty in an English court of justice if he will only hold his tongue and allow his case to be placed in the hands of skilful counsel. In France, Prussia, and, indeed, everywhere on the Continent, there would already be enough evidence against Müller, if not to drive him mad, at least to render it quite impossible for him to "relish any little joke that is passed on general subjects." The public prosecutor would call upon him to explain how Mr. Briggs's watch and chain came into his possession, and would torment him with questions until he extorted from him some sort of avowal which could be taken as evidence against him, and on which a fresh series of questions would be based. If he refused to answer, he would be told that he was condemned by his own silence. In England, on the other hand, a prisoner on his defence is cautioned not to be indiscreet. Not an inch of rope is given to him lest he should end by hanging himself. We sincerely hope, for our part, that the real murderer of Mr. Briggs will, sooner or later, be tried, condemned, and executed. But there is, fortunately, no chance whatever of the wrong man having to suffer; and the Germans in London may be quite sure that, whatever might have happened to Müller in his own country, he will be safe enough here, unless by an overwhelming amount of evidence.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN DENMARK.

THE arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Elsinore and at Frederiksborg, of which we this week publish illustrations, were fully described in our last week's Number. After spending a few days in quiet at Frederiksborg, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by their Royal hosts and relatives, paid a

VISIT TO BERNSTORF CASTLE.

This tranquil seat lies in a completely rural district; it is encircled and shut in by woods, but in these are frequent glades and charming walks and drives. The Royal deer-park also joins the grounds immediately beneath the castle windows. The mansion was erected by Count Bernstorff, whose name it bears, as a pleasant retreat from cares of state, and over its portals he placed the Latin inscription that still remains, declaring it consecrated to the intervals of honest ease due to a hardworking First Minister of the Crown. Since its erection a century ago by the Danish Premier, the castle has several times changed hands. Of late years it has been chiefly remarkable as the country seat where Christian IX., before he ascended the throne of Denmark, brought up that amiable and goodly family which, for its extent, bids fair to include the largest number of crowned heads in Europe. The return to this spot of the entire Royal household, and especially of the Princess of Wales, created no little sensation in the district. Its resources hardly admitted of any extensive organisation; but such a display as circumstances enabled the village of Gjentofte to make was prepared with a heartiness and simple elegance which municipal bodies occasionally might copy with advantage. The scene outside the gates of Bernstorff formed as charming a little picture as it was possible to conceive. It had not, indeed, the wide background of the Elsinore reception, but the rich shades of the autumn foliage quite compensated for the absence of ships or houses. For more than a mile from the gates of Bernstorff the road was lined with a dense and well-dressed crowd, while vehicles of every kind, from carriages and pair to local omnibuses or "Holstein cars," with endless rows of seats, were packed away in an avenue by themselves. A few of the principal officers of police, in costume verging on the Windsor uniform, moved about to keep the line; a knot of cavalry officers stood just outside the entrance, the bearskins of the sentries placed within shot up above the level of the bonnets; but with these exceptions the gathering was strictly of the people. The triumphal arch, draped with oak-leaves, forest flowers, and dahlias, was further embellished with allegorical designs of Peace, and from its summit were exhibited the arms and flags of Denmark and of England. An instrumental band stood at one of the flanks of the structure; the other side was guarded by the choir of Gjentofte, headed by its Dean, M. Boisen. The Royal carriages left Fredensborg at three o'clock, and after a picturesque drive of two hours and a half, their approach to the gates of Bernstorff was signalled by a hearty cheer. Their way lay for some considerable distance through a magnificent avenue of trees, remarkable even in this thickly-wooded country; and at an angle where this crosses another high road a pavilion, overlooking the drive and belonging to a gentleman of Copenhagen, was transformed into a perfect bower of flags and flowers and evergreens. General D'Oxholm and a second officer of the Royal household drove quickly up to the castle in the first carriage, and the Royal equipage, with its four horses, was about to follow, when the King, perceiving the preparations, cried with his own voice "Halt!" and stopped its progress just as it was about to pass beneath the arch. The band played the English National Anthem, in compliment to the Royal visitors; and then, according to the programme, the choir were to have sung the verses composed in honour of the Princess of Wales; but so many voices in the crowd were anxious to shout "Velkommen!" and to lead off the acclamatory "nine times nine," which exists in its integrity in Denmark, that the singers were obliged to bide their time. At last a general "Hush! hush!" gained for them a tolerably clear start, and a fine chorus of thirty well-trained, manly voices sang to a national air a spirited composition to which was attached the signature of "Adolph Becke."

A fresh outburst of cheering followed the conclusion of the song, and then M. Boisen, advancing towards the Royal carriage and bending his snow-white locks before the Princess, addressed to her some words of welcome in the national tongue.

The cheering for the Princess was so loud and general, and so much of it proceeded from the ranks far down the line, that it became necessary for her Royal Highness not merely to bow to all whom she could see, but partly to rise from her seat in order that her acknowledgments might be more generally known. Acclamations scarcely less enthusiastic followed for the King and Queen, for the Prince separately, and for the Royal family at large; and both at this point—and, in fact, whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself—little showers of bouquets descended on the carriage. The Queen of Denmark, who sat beside the Princess of Wales, acknowledged very graciously the share of compliments intended for her, but looked equally gratified at those directed to her daughter. Of the heartiness of the reception it was impossible to doubt.

The King, who was unmistakably touched by the proceedings, acknowledged the kindly spirit shown by his subjects towards him and the members of his family, and said he wished to thank them all for receiving his daughter with the same affectionate heartiness shown on the occasion of her departure to be married. This proved that their sentiments towards her had never changed. On her part, he could assure them that in all the trials the nation had undergone her heart was one with theirs; it had felt and bled for all their sorrows. More than that,

the Prince her husband shared her feelings. A final cheer, dwarfing all the previous ones, arose on this announcement, and, to the music of "King Christian," the carriage passed within the gates. It was followed by the general gaze until the white rose on the Princess's bonnet had disappeared from view, in fact, so long that "baby" was on the point of going by unnoticed. Clad in blue and white, and held up so that he could be seen by everyone, the little Prince looked quietly around, as if receptions, after all, were every-day affairs, and, since a good many might be looked for in the course of his career, it was as well to take things quietly.

The crowd were allowed to pass in, to walk up the drive, and to take up positions in front of the house from which they stared with might and main at anyone who happened to approach the windows. "Baby," regarding whom there was insatiable curiosity, was brought solemnly forward and dandled for a few seconds, but the cheer with which this act of courtesy was rewarded apparently proved a little too much for even Royal equanimity—at least, in company with nurse, he made a rather precipitate retreat. On their way down to the dining-room the members of the Royal party showed themselves at the windows—for there was no balcony on which they could present themselves—and the crowd, having cheered them to its heart's content, began at once to separate, the great majority returning to those comfortable freeholds into which the soil of Zealand is parcelled out, some hundreds, however, availing themselves of the railway station at Charlottenlund to make their way to Copenhagen. The weather throughout was the most lovely which it is possible to conceive, the heat being that of a mellow English autumn, tempered by a gentle breeze wafted from the Sound.

RECEPTION AT CHRISTIANBORG PALACE.

The King gave his subjects an opportunity of seeing the Prince and Princess on the night of the 16th, at a concert in Christianborg Palace. Everyone of note, or who had the least connection with the visitors from England, was present. It was a very brilliant assemblage, with nothing omitted that could invest the scene with courtly pomp. Cuirassed Life Guards upon the staircase, Grenadiers with bearskins in red uniform in the lobby, Royal servants with scarlet livery, some of them wearing hats profusely decorated with flowers, were to be seen in all directions. The diplomatic circle, bright with stars and ribbons, was fully represented. A bevy of fair ladies, dressed as if for a ball, and not displaying ostrich-plumes nor trains, added substantial beauty to the decorated throng. There was no lack of Danish statesmen and soldiers, wearing different gay-coloured costumes; of British naval officers, with large epaulettes and glistening medals; of, in fact, each particle proper to such a crowd, which, taken together and lighted up in a handsome suite of rooms, produced an effect that was both picturesque and dazzling.

A murmur running through the groups that filled the furthestmost chamber, a wide-flung opening of the doors, and a stir in the circle of diplomats, announced his Majesty's arrival. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Queen, and other members of this family accompanied him. Curiosity, quiet and polite, though decidedly eager, mounted tiptoe when the King brought his son-in-law and the Queen her daughter slowly round the room from opposite sides, bowing and conversing on their way with the front rank of spectators. People looked with affection towards the graceful Alexandra, but her young husband excited immense interest among the Danes. Had the baby been present he would probably have cut out both Prince and Princess as a popular favourite.

After passing round the furthestmost room, where stood chiefly ladies and diplomatists, the Royal party entered a hall that had rows of chairs across it, with an orchestra at one end. Here King Christian and his family were seated on the first line of chairs, whilst dames and demoiselles soon occupied the space behind. Gentlemen had to find standing-ground along the side, or to jostle each other—like non-dancers at a ball—in the doorway. Instrumental music was succeeded by national songs; the Bardsang of St. Olaf, "En Sommerdag" and "Tycho Brahe's Farvel" were spiritedly given, the programme concluding with a piece addressed to the Princess of Wales, and a lullaby to the infant Prince sung in chorus with great effect. Then the band, that had once touched very lightly upon the English anthem, wound up with a fine rendering of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Supper was laid in the Christianborg banqueting-hall, upon long tables on each hand, with a circular board in the middle. Those who were not too busily at work in the practical part of the business could move freely about the tables and observe Royalty, whether king or prince, queen or princess, to their heart's content; could see who was introduced to this one or to that; and could hear much of what was said. The O'Leary, organiser of the Alexandra Guard, was kindly greeted by his Majesty and was presented to the Prince of Wales. Stout old soldiers and hardy sailors were to be seen having not only refreshment in form of supper, but courteous recognition from those for whom they fought. De Meza was present in the beginning of the evening, Gerlach and Steinmann remained until its close.

The Prince and Princess of Wales accompanied the King and Queen of Denmark to the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, on Tuesday evening. The Prince and Princess were loudly cheered on leaving the theatre.

AN AMERICAN ENOCH ARDEN.—When the war first broke out, a young married man, of Stenbenville, Ohio, volunteered. He was reported killed at Perryville, and subsequently his wife received a metallic coffin which purported to contain the body of her husband. She buried it with all due ceremony and affection, and after more than a year elapsed she married again. A few days since an exchanged prisoner passed through Stenbenville, and left a message from the husband supposed to be dead that he would probably be soon exchanged, and would be home again. Her present husband is a worthy man, and the case becomes somewhat embarrassing.

THE CIRCASSIANS.—A letter from Trebizond says:—"The Circassian tribe which has taken refuge in a high mountain behind Gounia still holds out in its resistance to Russia. The number of families which have retreated there is estimated at 500. Encounters take place constantly, and, although the besiegers consist of 6000 men, the Russians have, so far, always been defeated. A serious attack was made recently, when the Circassians resisted with such energy that 200 of the enemy, including a colonel, a major, and several other officers, were killed or wounded. To resist the besiegers, the Circassians erect with much skill immense piles of stones of a large size, and, when the attack is made, by removing one of them, which forms a sort of keystone, the rest roll down into the ravine, crushing everything before them. The mountaineers will resist as long as their provisions hold out, unless the Russians succeed in turning their strong positions. The emigration continues, and the country is being continually traversed by the bands of people removing. About 15,000 persons of the Natoukhatch tribe are expected at Novorossisk shortly, where sixteen sailing-vessels, under the Ottoman flag, are waiting to embark them on their arrival. The chief of that important tribe, a rich and important personage, who possesses considerable forest and immense flocks, has already left Novorossisk with 4000 of his people. The Russian Government has placed the corvette Wolga at his disposal, and to him was paid the greatest attention. He has gone to reside at Kustendjie."

THE MATRIMONIAL ESCAPE AT ROME.—A correspondent at Rome, writing on the 10th inst., gives the following latest particulars of the affair:—"The plan adopted by the Government, in agreement with the wishes of the chevalier's relations, who are in a high social position in Rome, is to relieve him from the monotonous sojourn of the cloisters of St. Andrea della Valle, and furnish him with a passport for Naples, where his uncle will receive him with open arms. The young lady, meanwhile, without any moral pressure, will have time to decide upon her future religious and social career, and her relations will act according to her decision. Her brother, who arrived here this afternoon, has already commenced the necessary inquiry into the circumstances of the case, and the character and position of the pretender to his sister's hand. The Chevalier Hector Cumbo-Borgia was born at Messina, in Sicily, in 1832, and in 1844 was received into the sovereign order of the Knights of Malta; but, never having professed, he has never attained the rank of 'Cavaliere di Giustizia,' always retaining a simple 'Cavaliere di Devozione.' Knights of the latter class may marry, but Knights of Justice are looked upon as monks after having taken the vows of the order, among which is that of celibacy. The determination of the Government seems to have been dictated by a wish to get rid of the whole affair; for if the chevalier is simply sent to Naples, and the young lady is allowed to leave her convent at her good pleasure, nothing will be easier for her than to proceed to Naples also, where the laws of Victor Emmanuel, in matrimonial matters, will be less severe than in Rome. Both parties being of age, they are at liberty to act as they please."

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The principal topic of discussion in Paris is the new arrangement as to the Roman question which has been concluded between France and Italy, and of which the details will be found elsewhere.

An Imperial decree has been issued creating a professorship of political economy and public law in the Faculty of Law at Paris. A bill, which is sure to obtain public favour, is to be brought forward in the next session of the French Legislative Assembly for the abolition of the octroi duties. Preparations are going on at Toulon to embark an entire division of from 10,000 to 12,000 men for Algeria. Marshal M'Mahon has left France to assume the government of Algeria.

SPAIN.

A new Cabinet has been formed, composed as follows:—President of the Council without Portfolio, Marshal Narvaez; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Senor Llorente; Minister of War, Senor Cordova; Minister of Justice, Senor Lorenzo Arrazola; Minister of Marine, Senor Armero; Minister of Interior, Senor Gonzales Bravo; Minister of Finance, Senor Manuel Barzanallana; Minister of Public Works, Senor Galiano; Minister of Public Worship, Senor Leijas Lozano. The new Cabinet announces a conciliatory policy. The prosecutions against the journals are suspended. The Cabinet has decided, it is said, on continuing the armaments ordered for sending reinforcements to Peru. General Armero, Minister of Marine, has sent to Carthage the necessary instructions to that effect. Subjoined are some particulars concerning the previous career of the new Ministers:—

Marshal Narvaez, Duke de Valencia, Senator and President of the Council without portfolio, has been the chief of the Moderado (Conservative) party since 1843, the period when he compelled Marshal Espartero to abandon the regency of the kingdom. He has been several times President of the Council, and in 1848 he saved Spain from the dangers of a social revolution with which she was threatened. M. Llorente, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been already Minister of Finance and of the Interior. M. Gonzales Bravo, Minister of the Interior, has been President of the Council and Ambassador in London. He is considered one of the most eloquent speakers in the Chamber. M. Barzanallana, Minister of Finance, already held that portfolio in 1857. He is considered to be a man of considerable financial knowledge. General Cordova, Minister of War, has also been at the head of a Ministry, and he is looked on as exceedingly well-informed as regards military matters. M. Alcina Galiano, Minister of Public Works, was in 1837 Minister of Marine. General Armero, Minister of Marine, has been several times Minister and President of the Council. M. Leijas Lozano, an advocate and first-rate speaker, who has been three times Minister, has the portfolio of the Colonies.

ITALY.

The news received from the provinces, and especially from the Basilicata, is very favourable. Brigandage is being gradually destroyed. Several chiefs have presented themselves within the last week; several have been killed, and it is a notable fact, in one or two instances by their companions, for the sake of the promised reward. If honour, therefore, is no longer to be found amongst thieves, we may hope for their destruction.

HOLLAND.

The Legislative Session of the Netherlands was opened at the Hague, on Monday, by the King. In the speech from the throne his Majesty said that the country and the colonies were alike in a prosperous state, that a number of public works were contemplated, and that bills for the abolition of local excise duties, with other important financial propositions, were being prepared and would be submitted. A project for the rearrangement of the customs tariff in the East India colonies is likewise to be laid before the Chamber.

RUSSIA.

The Russian Government have announced the promised measures for the conciliation of Poland. These are the creation of a University in Warsaw and the establishment of several schools. The use of the Polish language is to be preserved. The penal code is also somewhat modified, and corporal punishment is abolished.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Prussian forces in Schleswig has issued a proclamation prohibiting the circulation of petitions and the collecting of signatures, under penalty of the rigorous infliction of martial law. This step is taken to prevent the getting up of any more addresses from the Northern Schleswigians praying that they may not be separated from Denmark.

The negotiations for the settlement of the terms of peace make slow progress, the financial questions having presented serious points of difficulty.

GREECE.

In the sitting of the National Assembly, on the 19th inst., the abolition of the Senate was decided upon by a large majority. In future, therefore, one Chamber only will exist. Public opinion is in favour of this step.

MEXICO.

Despatches from Matamoras, via New York, assert that the French had been defeated with heavy loss by Cortinas. The French had landed at the mouth of the Rio Grande, to operate against Matamoras.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

THE most important item in our intelligence from New York, which is to the 10th inst., is the confirmation of the occupation of Atlanta by General Sherman. Particulars of the operations which led to this result will be found in another column.

General Sherman, in a despatch dated the 7th, states that the day following the battle of Jonesborough he advanced to Lovejoy's station, where he found the Confederates in force, and so strongly intrenched that he deemed it imprudent to attack, and retired to Atlanta. He claims that he captured at Jonesborough 3000 prisoners, buried 400 of the enemy's dead, and left on the field 400 Confederate wounded, whom he could not remove. His own loss he names at 1500.

Richmond journals of the 1st report that Confederate General Wheeler had burnt the railway-bridge over the Tennessee River, at London, and captured 900 prisoners at Marysville and Newmarket. Federal General Rousseau had announced that Generals Wheeler and Roddy had retired from the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway. Both Federal and Confederate accounts report that General John Morgan was surprised at Greenville, Tennessee, on the 4th; himself killed, and seventy-five of his command captured by Federals, under General Silvers.

The only reliable news from Mobile is that Admiral Farragut had succeeded in blowing up the ram which the Confederates had sunk across the channel; but the *New York World* publishes a report received from deserters, to whom all such rumours are accredited, that, after a brief shelling, Mobile had surrendered.

General Lee, having been reinforced, was preparing to attack General Grant's left, and the next arrival will probably bring accounts of a severe engagement between the two armies.

Secretary Stanton had announced that Early was retreating up the Shenandoah Valley, followed by Sheridan. Severe skirmishing had occurred near Bunker's Hill, Occoquan, and Berryville, but no general engagement had been reported.

Mr. Lincoln, under date of the 3rd, tenders the thanks of the nation to Admiral Farragut, Generals Canby, Granger, and Sherman, and the forces under their command, for their achievements at Mobile and Atlanta, and orders salutes to be fired from every arsenal and navy-yard in Federal possession, in celebration of their victories. He also recommends that a general thanksgiving be offered in all the churches on Sunday, the 11th.

General McClellan had accepted the Chicago nomination. He approves the pacific nature of the platform, but declares the re-establishment of the Union to be indispensable, and ought to be pursued at all hazards. It was reported that General Fremont had withdrawn from the presidential candidature.

The draught which was ordered for the 5th had been postponed, and further time given for the filling of quotas by volunteering.

ENGLAND, PRUSSIA, AND DENMARK.

The following is an authentic copy of a correspondence between M. von Bismarck and Earl Russell which has been frequently discussed of late in the French and German press:—

Gastein, Aug. 9.

Your Excellency will have already received the preliminaries of peace which were concluded in Vienna on the 1st of this month, together with the Convention for the suspension of hostilities, since they were dispatched from Berlin some days ago. Both documents are now published with the mutual agreement of the three contracting Powers, and I respectfully request your Excellency to present to the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs the accompanying official copy of the same.

Your Excellency will at the same time express to Lord Russell the hope that the British Government will not refuse to recognise the moderation and pliability which have been displayed by the two German Powers. During my presence in Vienna Lord Bloomfield expressed to me the wish of his Government that Prussia and Austria should not impose upon the Danish Crown conditions too hard and unbearable. I answered him that nothing was further from our intentions than an unjust severity, and that we should only make those demands which were the necessary result of the situation. In complete understanding with the Imperial Austrian Government, we have remained true to this purpose; and while, on the one hand, we were obliged to insist upon the entire cession of the three duchies as an indispensable demand, without which neither the national feeling would be satisfied nor the sacrifices justified to which the obstinacy of the Danish Government forced us, so, on the other hand, we have in all other points beyond this been as compliant as possible with the Danish Government. Even now we only maintain the demand which we had already had to make at the Conference after the Danes themselves had declared that the relation of a personal union was impossible.

That now, after the renewal of the war, there could no longer be any question of the cession of a part of the duchy of Schleswig, which we had formerly regarded as admissible, was not even doubted in Denmark. But we did not go beyond our original demand. We demanded no portions of the kingdom of Denmark, although we held completely in our hands a large and important province, and without any possibility for the Danes to deprive us of it. The exchange of the Jutland enclaves was, under such altered circumstances, suggested by the nature of things; the continuance of these enclaves would have been for both sides a great and hardly-bearable inconvenience, and, in truth, it could not have been considered as an unreasonable demand if this little direct sacrifice had been demanded from the kingdom of Denmark, which was only indirectly affected by the cession of the duchies, and in which, in fact, the real cause of the war lay. We preferred to allow an exchange to take place, and to give for the enclaves a complete compensation in territory. We have even left to Jutland one enclave, Ripen, to which the Danish Plenipotentiaries ascribed special importance; and, by an arrangement of the frontier, we have made possible its complete union—a concession which was dictated by the wish of sparing the national feeling, which spoke out particularly strong in respect to this ancient Danish possession. Finally, we allowed the perfectly justifiable demand for war expenses, which had been mentioned at the Conference, to drop, in order not to impose so heavy a burden upon a land which, notwithstanding this, must necessarily go through a financial crisis, which we would wish to lighten for it and help it get over.

In the above the objects are pointed out which we had in view at the establishment of the preliminaries of peace. We did not wish to dismember the ancient and venerable Danish monarchy, but to bring about a separation from it of parts with which a further union had become impossible through the force of circumstances and events—and we must not pass it over in silence through the fault of the Danish Government. The Danish monarchy is not imperilled in its existence; not a single condition of its existence is damaged; it has received no wounds which cannot be healed. It now depends upon the Danish Government and the Danish people whether the natural and peaceful relations with its southern neighbour shall be re-established, and whether unrestrained intercourse shall become a source of well-being and prosperity on both sides.

I respectfully request you to lay these considerations before Lord Russell, and to that end I empower you to communicate to him this despatch.

Count Bernstorff.

VON BISMARCK.

Foreign Office, Aug. 20.

Sir,—I have received from M. Katte a despatch of M. de Bismarck to Count Bernstorff, together with an official copy of the preliminaries of peace signed, on the 1st of August, at Vienna.

Her Majesty's Government would have preferred a total silence instead of the task of commenting on the conditions of peace. Challenged, however, by M. de Bismarck's invitation to admit the moderation and forbearance of the great German Governments, her Majesty's Government feel bound not to disguise their own sentiments upon these matters. Her Majesty's Government have, indeed, from time to time, as events took place, repeatedly declared their opinion that the aggression of Austria and Prussia upon Denmark was unjust, and that the war as waged by Germany against Denmark had not for its groundwork either that justice or that necessity which are the only bases on which war ought to be undertaken.

Considering the war, therefore, to have been wholly unnecessary on the part of Germany, they deeply lament that the advantages acquired by successful hostilities should have been used by Austria and Prussia to dismember the Danish monarchy, which it was the object of the Treaty of 1862 to preserve entire.

Her Majesty's Government are also bound to remark, when the satisfaction of national feelings is referred to, that it appears certain that a considerable number, perhaps two or three hundred thousand of the loyal Danish population, are transferred to a German State, and it is to be feared that the complaints hitherto made respecting the attempts to force the language of Denmark upon the German subjects of a Danish Sovereign will be succeeded by complaints of the attempts to force the language of Germany upon the Danish subjects of a German Sovereign.

Her Majesty's Government had hoped that at least the districts to the north of Flensburg would, in pursuance of a suggestion made by the Prussian Plenipotentiary in the Conference of London, have been left under the Danish Crown.

If it is said that force has decided this question, and that the superiority of the arms of Austria and Prussia over those of Denmark was incontestable, the assertion must be admitted. But in that case it is out of place to claim credit for equity and moderation.

Her Majesty's Government see with satisfaction, however, that the wording of the first article fully admits by implication the right of Curia IX. to rule over the duchies of Holstein, Schleswig, and Lauenburg; for, if they were not his to hold, they could not be his to give away. In considering this question, her Majesty's Government have always had in view the elements of a solid and durable peace. Even in cases where it is justifiable to depart from the settlement of established and recognised treaties, it is essential that the new settlement should not partake of the weakness of the old; that, when new elements of dominion are combined and new bonds of allegiance are required, nations should be satisfied, and should willingly embrace as permanent the new conditions of peace.

It is in this point of view that her Majesty's Government are anxious to see the destiny of the duchies, which are now to be separated from Denmark, speedily and satisfactorily settled. They desire to see the wishes of the people of these duchies consulted on the choice of their future Sovereign, and to see the duchies receive free Constitutional institutions. In this manner alone the welfare and peace of Europe, as well as the future tranquillity of the duchies, will be secured; for her Majesty's Government cannot feel at all secure of the prospects of lasting peace until the wishes of the people of Holstein, Schleswig, and Lauenburg have been fairly and fully consulted. An arrangement which should set aside those wishes and suppress free institutions would only be a new source of disquiet and disturbance in Europe.

You will read this despatch to M. de Bismarck, and give him a copy of it.

I am, &c.,

RUSSELL.

W. Lowther, Esq.

POPULAR FEELING IN DENMARK.

WHETHER with or without a shadow of foundation, the Danes are persuaded the negotiations with Germany are on the point of being broken off, and that a recurrence to hostilities may be looked for in consequence. They further entertain the opinion that the understanding between Austria and Prussia is no longer so cordial as it formerly was, and speak with confidence of being able to encounter either of their previous antagonists single-handed. These views are almost universally current among the officers of the fleet; but the better opinion is that they are traceable only to Stock Exchange rumours. The deputations from North Schleswig, of which there have already been several, and several more are yet to come, prove that the Danish population in the duchies, at any rate, is not charmed with the new view it has had of the German "deliverers." The tone of the last address presented to the King is, under the circumstances of an actual military occupation, remarkably out-spoken; and the very force of the language employed shows how deeply the national feeling must have been stirred when the ordinary impassiveness of Danish nature has been replaced by the passion vented in the following appeal:—

Most Gracious King,—With the sword over their heads and the prospect of being delivered up by the enemy's power to pestilence (Folkedder), the North Schleswigers approach the Throne with their cry of distress for rescue from the dangers with which they are threatened. Crushed to death by the heel of a powerful foe, and without a word of encouragement from our Sovereign or his Government, we have alone and silenced been compelled to bear the

disasters of war, its bitter disappointments and horrible terrors, while the Germans joyfully proclaim all Schleswig to be a country German by inclination. Never, up to this moment, has the hope deserted us that all may yet end well, if we but steadily hold out.

Most gracious King, the hope is still strong within our hearts that we cannot possibly be separated from Denmark; and, notwithstanding the steps taken by your Majesty towards peace, which have stricken us with grief and terror, still we cling to the belief that the King cannot possibly cast us off. Sincere love for Denmark and sincere devotedness towards the person of the King have ever been one and the same thing in North Schleswig. Yes, we bear witness in the sight of your Majesty and the world that it is a Danish-inclined people that inhabit the tract of country between Kongeær and Flensburg, a people who have ever remained loyal, though kept by the enemy under lock and key.

We bear witness that Danish hearts beat in North Schleswig which groan under the thought that they are to be abandoned to their sworn enemy—hearted whose innermost life is a Danish life, and which in grief looks forward to the hour when they will be broken by the burdens of a foreign yoke. Notwithstanding how hard it has been to many of us to reconcile ourselves to the thought of a partition of Schleswig, still this is far preferable to our abandonment to the power of the Germans.

Most gracious King, in the throes of death we cling to the Throne and to the people; and we cannot, neither will we, believe that the Danish King or the Danish people are willing to sever their own members, their own flesh and blood, as long as there is an army that can fight and an unvanquished fleet to defend Denmark.

Although there is but a small number of men whose names appear here, still we must beg to assure your Majesty that we speak from the hearts of the Northern Schleswigers, and that circumstances alone prevent our having thousands of signatures to this most humble address.

This address was got up and signed in the west of North Schleswig, but representatives from the east also came forward; and it is known that addresses of a like character are on their way from Central Schleswig.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.—NEW TREATY BETWEEN FRANCE AND ITALY.

The Continental journals one and all make reference to a new treaty which it is reported has been signed by France and Italy for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops within a definite period. They throw no doubt on the existence of such a treaty. The Turin correspondent of the *Siecle* gives the terms of the treaty as follows:—

The Marquis Pepoli arrived at Turin on the 17th, and he brings great and important news. A treaty was concluded on the 15th inst. between France and Italy. It was signed on the part of France by M. Drouin de Lhuys, on the part of Italy by the Marquis Pepoli, Minister Plenipotentiary, and M. Constantine Nigra, Minister resident at Paris.

The principal articles of the treaty are the evacuation of Rome by the French troops within two years, so as to give the Pontifical Government time to organise an army for its internal protection. The Italian Government engages to watch the frontier which divides the kingdom of Italy from the Roman States, so that no army either of regular troops or of volunteers can enter the territory of the Holy See to disturb its tranquillity. The treaty is also said to contain a provision by which the Italian Government takes upon itself five sixths of the Roman debt. There are several articles respecting the relations which should exist between the Italian and Pontifical troops in their mutual supervision of the frontiers. It is said that there are other articles in the treaty for the regulation of what concerns the necessities of Catholic worship, vacant bishoprics, &c. The Pontifical Government, without taking any positive part in the treaty, tacitly sanctions this convention, in so much as regards the transference of the greater portion of the Pontifical debt to the Italian treasury. This news has caused the greatest sensation in Turin, and it is speculated upon in a hundred ways. People ask whether, for reason of this treaty, Italy is nearer to Rome, or whether it is not further from it than ever, in consequence of the engagements which Italy has assumed. Panic is also spread from the fact that others say that the capital of Italy is to be transferred to Florence, the real cradle of the Italian race.

The Italian Minister is to inform Parliament of that portion of the treaty which refers to the occupation of Rome, and for this purpose Parliament is convoked for the 11th of October next.

The *Times* of Thursday, on what it states to be perfectly reliable authority, confirms these details, and adds:—

A council of Generals has thereupon been summoned to consider which is the best strategical site for a provisional capital to be used until Rome can be obtained, and we understand that the council has decided in favour of Florence. The Chambers are to be immediately called together to discuss the question, and there is, we understand, every probability that the Chambers will confirm the selection of the Generals, and that the seat of Government will be at once transferred from Turin to Florence. As to the effect of these changes upon Rome itself, we are scarcely sufficiently informed to pronounce a very decided opinion. So far as words go, the position of the Pope may not be very materially altered, for the Italian Government takes upon itself the duty at present discharged by France of neither attacking the Pope nor suffering others to attack him. But, of course, there is a great difference in the position which the Italian Government will occupy when intrusted with the safety of the Pope from the position which it occupies now, when it is one of the Powers against which France undertakes to defend him. Its influence will be greatly increased, and the very existence of the Papacy with even a shadow of temporal power must depend upon the degree in which it can prevail upon itself to act in accordance with Italian opinion. An armed attack upon the Pope is not the only method of coercion that can be employed, and we cannot but hope that the result of the convention in this respect will be to produce a much greater harmony than has hitherto existed between secular and ecclesiastical power in Italy.

MR. SEWARD ON AMERICAN POLITICS.

MR. SECRETARY SEWARD delivered a long speech at Auburn, in the State of New York, on the 3rd inst., from which the following are extracts:—

The victory at Atlanta comes at the right place. The rebellious district is in the shape of an egg. It presents equal resistance on its whole surface. But if you could break the shell at either of the two ends, Richmond and Atlanta, the whole must crumble to pieces. While Sherman, under Grant, has been striking the big end, Meade, under Grant, has been striking just as hard blows upon the lesser end. The whole shell will now be easily crushed, for it has grown brittle with the exhaustion of vitality within. This glorious victory comes in good time for another reason. Just now we are calling upon you for 300,000 more volunteers, if you will—draughted men, if we must—to end the war. You were getting a little tired of long delays and disappointed expectations. In Indiana a portion of the people, instigated by rebel plotters, at the Clifton House, in Canada, were importing British revolvers in boxes, which passed the Custom House as stationery, under pretence of arming to defend themselves, but really to resist the draught and bring the Government down to ruin, through a subordinate and auxiliary civil war. True, no arms have been imported here. Yet delegates went out from among you and sat down in council at Chicago with those Indiana conspirators and agreed with them not only that that importation of arms should be defended in the election canvass, but also to demand a cessation of the war upon the ground that success in restoring the Union is unattainable. Already, under the influence of the cheering news from Atlanta, all this discontent and this despondency have disappeared. We shall have no draught, because the army is being reinforced at the rate of 5000 to 10,000 men per day by volunteers.

In speaking of the Niagara "conference" and the Democrats and their Convention, he said,

The Democracy at Chicago did there just what had been agreed upon by the Richmond agents at Niagara—namely, they pronounced for an abandonment of the military defence of the Union against the insurgents, with a view to an ultimate national convention and the defeat of the election of Abraham Lincoln.

Towards the close, Mr. Seward thus spoke of the Copperhead party and their complaints, with special reference to the subject of slavery:—

They are not content with plotting sedition in secret places, but they go up and down the public streets, uttering treason, vainly seeking to provoke arrest, in order that they may complain of a denial of the liberty of speech. The impunity they everywhere enjoy under the protection of constitutional debate shows at one and the same time that their complaints are groundless, and that the Union, in the element of moral stability, is stronger than they know. The chief complaint against the President is, that he will not accept peace on the basis of the integrity of the Union, without having also the abandonment of slavery. When and where have the insurgents offered him peace on the basis of the integrity of the Union? Nobody has offered it. The rebels never will offer it. Nobody on their behalf can offer it. They are determined and pledged to rule this republic or ruin it. I told you here a year ago that, practically, slavery was no longer in question; that it was perishing under the operations of the war. That assertion has been confirmed. The Union men in all the Slave States that we have delivered are even more anxious than we are to abolish slavery. Witness Western Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas. Jefferson Davis tells you in effect the same thing. He says that it is not slavery, but independence and sovereignty for which he is contending. There is good reason for this. A hundred dollars in

gold is only a year's purchase of the labour of the working man in every part of the United States. At less than half that price you could buy all the slaves in the country. Nevertheless, our opponents want a distinct exposition of the President's views on the ultimate solution of the slavery question. Why do they want it? For the same reason that the Pharisees and Sadducees wanted an authoritative resolution of the questions of casuistry which arose in their day. One of those sects believed in the resurrection of the dead, the other altogether denied the resurrection of the dead. Nevertheless, they walked together in loving accord in search of instructions concerning the spirit world. "Master," said they, "there was a man of our nation who married a wife and died, leaving six brothers. These brothers successively married the widowed woman, and afterwards died. And, last of all, the woman died also. In the resurrection which of the seven shall have this woman to be his wife?" Now, what was it to them whether or no all should have the woman to wife in heaven? It could be nothing to the Sadducees in any case. What was it to any human being on this side of the grave? What was it to any human being in heaven except the woman and her seven husbands. Absolutely nothing. Yet they would have an answer. And they received one. The answer was that, while in this mortal state men and women shall never cease to marry and to die, there will be in the resurrection neither death, nor marrying, nor giving in marriage.

Although altogether unauthorised to speak for the President upon hypothetical questions, I think I can give an answer upon the subject of slavery at the present day—an answer which will be explicit, and I hope not altogether unsatisfactory. While the rebels continue to wage war against the Government of the United States, the military measures affecting slavery, which have been adopted from necessity, to bring the war to a speedy and successful end, will be continued, except so far as practical experience shall show that they can be modified advantageously, with a view to the same end. When the insurgents shall have disbanded their armies and laid down their arms, the war will instantly cease, and all the war measures then existing, including those which affect slavery, will cease also; and all the moral, economical, and political questions, as well as questions affecting slavery as others which shall then be existing between individuals and States and the Federal Government, whether they arose before the civil war began or whether they grew out of it, will, by force of the Constitution, pass over to the arbitrament of courts of law, and to the Councils of Legislation. I am not unsophisticated enough to expect that conspirators, while yet unsubdued and exercising an unresisting despotism in the insurrectionary States, will either sue for or even accept an amnesty based on the surrender of the power they have so recklessly usurped. Nevertheless, I know that if any such conspirator should tender his submission upon such terms, he will at once receive a candid hearing, and an answer prompted purely by a desire for peace, with the maintenance of the Union. On the other hand, I do not expect propositions of peace with a restoration of the Union to come from the Confederates in authority, nor through them, but from citizens and States under and behind them. And I expect such propositions from citizens and States to come over the Confederates in power just so fast as those citizens and States shall be delivered by the Federal arms from the usurpation by which they are now oppressed. All the world knows that, so far as I am concerned, and, I believe, so far as the President is concerned, all such applications will receive just such an answer as it becomes a great, magnanimous, and humane people to grant to brethren who have come back from their wanderings to seek a shelter in the common ark of our national security and happiness. The sun is setting. So surely as it shall rise again, so surely do I think that the great events we have now celebrated prelude the end of our national troubles and the restoration of the national authority, with peace, prosperity, and freedom throughout the whole land, from the lakes to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean. And so I bid you good-night, and may God have you, with our whole country, always in His holy and paternal keeping.

IRELAND.

BELFAST RIOTS.—On Friday week about 900 Protestants employed in the Queen's Island Iron Shipbuilding Works struck work, owing to a dispute arising out of the late riots. The Protestants charge the Roman Catholics with acting treacherously, taking advantage of their frank conversation with one another, and acting the part of spies, in consequence of which, it is alleged, two innocent men have been dragged from their families and lodged in gaol. The result has been violent excitement among the Protestants, and a demand that some of the more obnoxious Roman Catholic workmen, of whom there are about fifty, should be dismissed. This demand being refused, the men struck, leaving the yard in the most quiet and orderly manner, and expressing their determination neither to commit nor to provoke a breach of the peace. Subsequently they held a meeting, at which they adopted an memorial to the Mayor, stating their complaints, one of which was that cases had been tried in private. The magistrates replied by promising justice to all parties. The hearing of cases in private was solely for the purpose of preventing excitement, and there was every facility given for the defence of the parties. Explanations of a satisfactory character having been given, the men on strike have resumed their employment. As the ordinary assizes will not be held for five or six months, a special commission will be issued early next month to try the persons in prison on charges arising out of the late conflicts at Belfast. There are eighty-four persons now in gaol, of whom five are charged with wilful murder, and upwards of thirty with aggravated and malicious assaults. The remainder are charged with riot and with having arms in their possession in a proclaimed district.

SCOTLAND.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON SPENDING A NIGHT ON THE ROCKS.—The Bishop of London and family have lately been residing on the banks of Loch Fyne. They recently made an expedition to the Island of Arran in a small steamer, where they spent the day. When returning in the evening the sky became overcast, the weather stormy, and the night dark. When near the entrance to Loch Fyne they were suddenly startled by the cry, "Breakers ahead!" and before the steamer's course could be altered they were aground upon rocks. The captain informed them that the boat being iron, it would be dangerous to back her off, for fear she might receive such injuries as to make it impossible to keep her afloat. They were therefore obliged to land in the small boat. When the party reached the shore a new difficulty presented itself. They discovered that they had landed, not upon the mainland, but upon a rock which might possibly be covered by the flowing tide. They soon, however, found that they were safe at least from that danger. They were able to construct a tent by means of some tarpauling, and under the shelter which it afforded they spent the night. When day dawned they were soon relieved from their disagreeable position, and we are glad to hear that none of the party have suffered from exposure during a night of somewhat stormy weather.

THE PROVINCES.

MELANCHOLY AFFAIR AT HOLLINWOOD.—On Sunday evening a child, about three years of age, named James William Taylor, son of Joseph Taylor, Cotton-street, Copethill, Hollinwood, near Oldham, was accidentally shot by his cousin, Joshua Cartwright, son of James Cartwright, of the same place. It appears that James Cartwright bought a gun a short time ago, and he has been in the habit of amusing his little nephew by allowing him to fire off percussion-caps. A man, named Butterworth, came to borrow Cartwright's gun on Sunday forenoon, for the purpose, as he said, of shooting at a flock of starlings. He returned the gun shortly afterwards, still loaded, saying the birds had disappeared, and, taking off the cap, hung the weapon on the ceiling, not omitting to tell Cartwright that it was charged. About half-past four in the afternoon the child Taylor came in, and, casting his eyes towards the gun, said, "Let me shoot;" whereupon Cartwright took down the gun, forgetting that it was loaded, and put on a cap. He then took the little fellow between his knees; but the child would not draw the trigger. Joshua Cartwright, a boy of thirteen, then took the gun and pulled the trigger. The contents of the gun lodged in the left breast of the child Taylor, who, after sobbing twice, died.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Before the Lincoln County Court, on Monday, Mr. William O'Neil, a physician, brought an action against Mr. Theophilus W. Paul, to recover the sum of three guineas as compensation for loss occasioned by his being made the subject of a hoax. On the 18th of August last Dr. O'Neil received a letter through the Lincoln post office, purporting to be from Mr. John Parker, of Fulbeck, a village fourteen miles distant from Lincoln, stating that he would feel greatly obliged if Dr. O'Neil would come over on the following day and see his wife, who was seriously ill. The doctor, believing the letter to be genuine, hired a conveyance and went over to Fulbeck; but on reaching that place he found that no such person existed in or near the village. He came to the conclusion that he had been made the subject of a cruel hoax. After riding about fifty miles, and spending eight hours in his bootless journey, the doctor returned to Lincoln, and, on carefully scrutinising the letter, it struck him that it was in the handwriting of the defendant, with whom he had previously had some correspondence. He also consulted several friends, and they were of the same opinion. Dr. O'Neil then placed the matter in the hands of his solicitor, who wrote to the defendant, stating that, if three guineas, the amount of the expenses incurred by the journey, were not paid and an apology made, legal proceedings would be commenced against him. The same day the defendant replied to this, denying the authorship of the letter in the most indignant terms. The letter was produced on the part of the plaintiff, as was also another written by the defendant relative to a business matter. A number of witnesses were examined, all of whom were of opinion that the handwriting was the same in both letters. For the defence a dozen witnesses, one of whom had dispensed medicine for several years for Mr. Paul, swore distinctly that the letter was not in the defendant's handwriting; and, on Mr. Paul being called into the box, he swore that he was not the writer, and was totally ignorant of its being sent. The jury (composed of five tradesmen of the city) returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, three guineas.

THE FRENCH COLONY AT PORTO NOVO.

INTELLIGENCE has just reached Europe of the death of a potentate of whose existence, probably, not one in twenty of our readers has ever heard, and yet he was monarch of a little kingdom occupying an important position in that immense territory called by the general name of Guinea, but the strict geographical limits of which have not been exactly fixed. It may be taken, however, as including the coast-line between the frontiers of Senegambia at Capes Verga and Negro: it is divided into Upper and Lower Guinea—the former including Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Grain, Ivory, Gold, and Slave Coasts, Ashantee, Benin, and Dahomey; and the latter, Congo, Angola, and Benguela. Near where the Guinea current flows into the gulf of the same name from Cape Palmas, or, rather, between that part of the coast and the mouths of the Niger, lies the little kingdom and French colony of Porto Novo, and here, until lately, reigned King Sodgi. It would appear, however, that even this lilliputian realm, shares the difficulties of most other States; and it is feared that the succession will be violently contested. One of the late King's sons was the first candidate; but affairs threatened to take so tragic a course that he preferred to retire into private life. Three representatives of three separate branches of the Royal family then presented themselves; but, neither of them being to the taste of the people, a fourth individual suddenly became the favourite, and awoke one morning to the dignity of a throne, under the title of King Abro. Until the year 1830 Porto Novo was a place of some importance; but, in consequence of the incapacity of its rulers and the encroachments of neighbouring States, it was gradually reduced until it was threatened with annexation to Lagos or Dahomey, from which it was saved by becoming a French station. The late King Sodgi, a man of middle age, is said to have been a person of considerable intelligence, and no little judgment in the management of his affairs; but, like neighbouring rulers, his own power was subject to laws and customs over which he scarcely dared to exercise control. One of these provided that the King should lead a sequestered existence like that of the Mikado of Japan, and never on any pretext leave the precincts of his palace. One extraordinary practice has given rise to the present difficulty of succession, for it is a law that, when any of the numerous wives of the Monarch is about to become a mother, she is removed privately to a distance from the Court, and the child, if a male, is educated with a view to his possible

sovereignty, but, at the same time, travels about the country without his rank being disclosed to the people. The succession, in fact, though confined to one family, is decided by the election of the chieftains, and they have the power of giving the crown to any Prince other than the heir designated by the reigning Monarch. Of course, where the King is confined by all kinds of observances, and mostly that of the priestly *fetich*, which forbids him to appear in public, the retinue of the palace is numerous, and includes a multitude of officers, besides slaves, and the secret police which forms part of the system of government. Everything here is effected by espionage; and even the King himself is under the surveillance of a woman, who follows him like a shadow under pretence of carrying his spittoon. The diversions of Royalty, therefore, are peculiarly Oriental in their character, and the harem is on a grand scale, that of Sodgi having contained some three hundred women, whose scarcity of costume contrasted oddly enough with the gorgeous cocked hat and feathers and the semi-military coat which was his Majesty's particular wear on state occasions.

The people of Porto Novo are of various tribes, and consist chiefly of the aboriginal blacks who cultivate the soil; those negroes who have settled here to escape the attacks of the Dahomans who would have sold them into slavery; some creoles, and a few natives of Sierra Leone, who have lately settled here; and some Mohammedans from Yariha, who abandoned their country during the great political movements at the end of the last century. The rites which were formerly practised at Porto Novo were characterised by the same sanguinary cruelty as those which are now common at Dahomey; but, under European influence and the

efforts of the missionaries, aided, perhaps, by the example of the colonists from Sierra Leone—many of whom are educated and profess Christianity—these abominations have gradually died out. The administration of justice amongst the natives rests entirely with the priests, and is conducted in the open air, in a very primitive manner. A space under the trees represents the judgment-hall, and here the culprit is brought to a spot near which the priests sit, at a short distance from a sort of small hut which shades the fetich, and surrounded by a crowd of officers and people, who assemble to hear the sentence. On the approach of the prisoner, the chief priest, who is the fetich, assumes a sort of head-dress consisting of a great wooden cylinder, ornamented with all sorts of gaudy bits of rag and

rubish, and supposed to contain the soul of the Deity. Having done this, he launches the most terrible threats against the trembling wretch unless he confesses the truth. Such is the effect of these denunciations and the presence of the fetich, that the criminal is likely to make a full confession; and the fetich, followed by the priests, then retires to the hut, where they consult on the sentence, which is generally tolerably well adapted to the offence. When the punishment is declared, the whole crowd commence a concert the very reverse of melodious, consisting of the tum-tum-ing of native drums, the shrill squeak of fife, the ringing of bells, and a perfect yell of invectives launched against the unfortunate prisoner. Like all the blacks, the people of Porto Novo are mad after music, and on all state occasions the chiefs and dignitaries are accompanied by a band and choristers, who make a tremendous noise, though the singing is sometimes effective; and, as the choristers are also improvisators and poets, a stranger is often surprised at the ability they display.

There are choruses of women as well as of men; and even the soldiers, especially those retained at the palace, go through a sort of exercise in which military evolutions are accompanied by the firing of muskets towards the ground and a wild sort of chant or recitative, which has a very singular effect. A military display of this description is represented in our Engraving as part of the ceremony which accompanied the reception of the French Consul and his party by the late King, who sat apart in a sort of raised recess surrounded by his women and with the full insignia of negro royalty, including his cocked hat.

The capital of Porto Novo is situated on one of the little penin-



CHORUS OF PORTO NOVO TROOPS.



THE KING OF PORTO NOVO GIVING AUDIENCE TO THE FRENCH CONSUL.

islands of the Lagoon, which is exceedingly difficult of navigation, even to the native canoes, and abounds with hippopotami and caymans.

The shore of Porto Novo presents an extraordinary spectacle, especially on a market day, when the traveller finds himself amidst a perfect fleet of canoes, which bring to the market pottery and firewood from the neighbouring districts, besides fruit, grain, and, during the season, large quantities of palm oil and the salt which is made on the shore.

The place is divided into an upper and lower town, and these again are subdivided into quarters, separated by large circular spaces, which are shaded by magnificent trees, and serve for public resorts, either for purposes of trade or during public festivals. The surrounding houses are thatched, and consist of a ground floor, divided into several apartments, but differing from the dwellings on the peninsula, which are but bamboo huts; these buildings are constructed of red clay, which hardens in the sun. Like all towns in Africa, Porto Novo is exceedingly filthy, and abounds with cesspools, which pollute the air with their insufferable odours. But for the flocks of small black vultures, who act as scavengers, the town would be even worse than it is; but these birds are wisely protected by the law, and any one wilfully killing them is severely punished.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

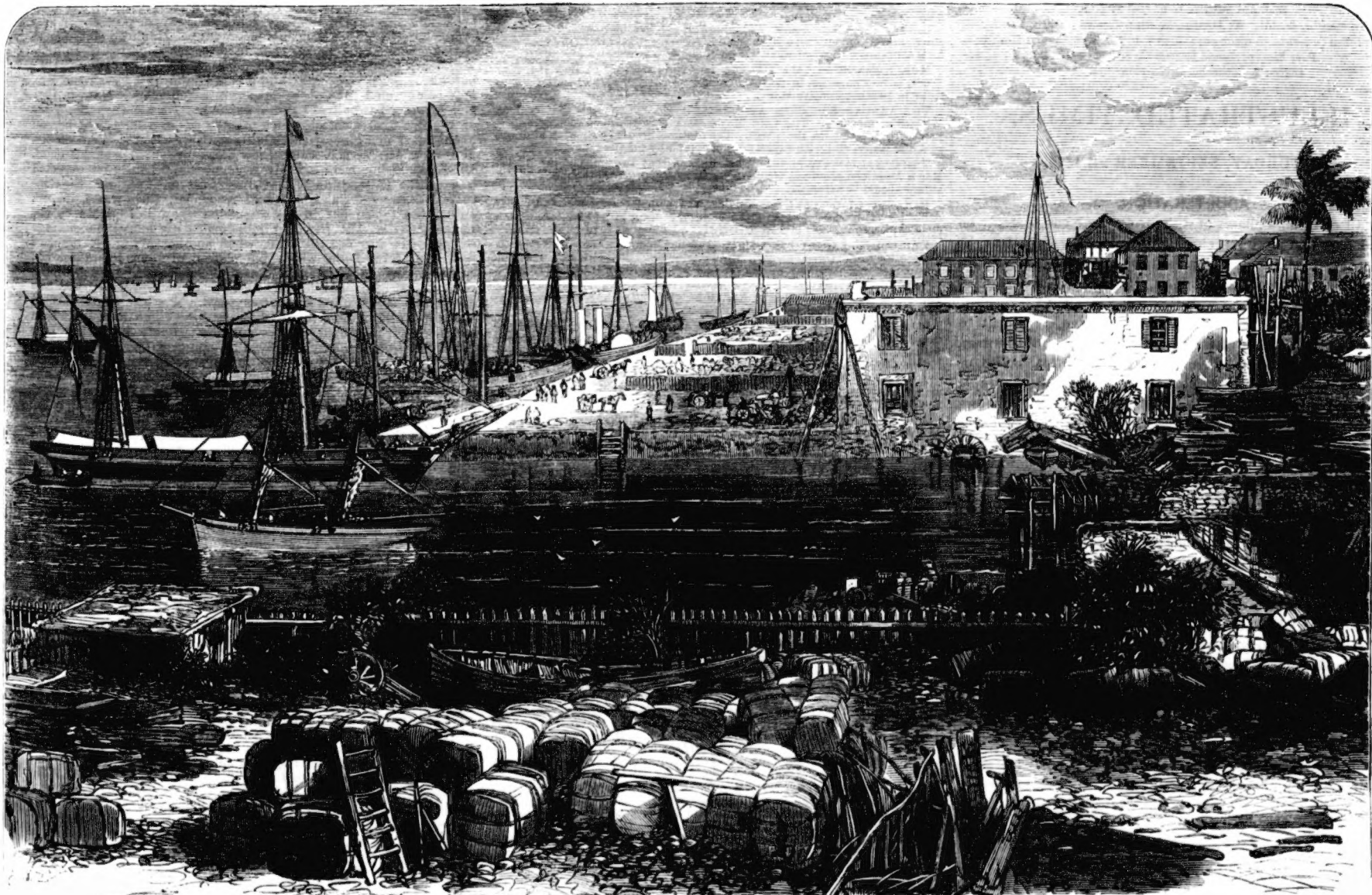
ONCE more, in the interminable struggle which is devastating America, reverses have overtaken the Confederate arms; and it may be that the victory achieved by the North has done more than any recent event to lessen the probabilities of peace. Assuredly, no such calamity as the taking of Atlanta has befallen the Confederates since the fall of Vicksburg; and when once the truth that Sherman's troops had entered the stronghold reached New York, the news was celebrated by rejoicings as extravagant as though the "rebellion" had really been "trampled out" in that ninety days which was for so long the period assigned for the termination of the war.

Towards the end of last month General Sherman, it will be remembered, had drawn his line more to the west of Atlanta,

and gradually extended his right wing so as to threaten the Macon railroad at a point within a mile or two of the town. This railroad, which is the main line of communication between Atlanta and the South, is joined, about five miles below the town, by the West Point Railway, which connects the central stronghold of Georgia with Alabama and Mississippi. The two lines united each point, and Sherman's first intention appears to have been to strike the Macon road at a point above the junctions between it and Atlanta. This plan was, however, frustrated by the concentration of a considerable force—nearly half General Hood's army—at a point below the junction. Sherman then determined to move the main body of his army from the vicinity of Atlanta, and, by making a detour to the southwest and crossing the West Point line, reached the Macon line, between fifteen and twenty miles below Atlanta. Leaving one army corps under General Slocum, he accordingly moved his army from the immediate neighbourhood of Atlanta, and on the 30th of August crossed the West Point line and reached a good position for striking the Macon road, the right wing, under General Howard, being near Jonesborough, where the Confederates were in force. They came out in the afternoon of the same day, and assaulted the Federal right, but were easily repulsed with heavy loss. Sherman then moved forward his centre and left wing to wards the railway, so as to bring his line nearly parallel with the Macon road above Jonesborough. Having broken up the whole railway in his front from wing to wing, he assaulted the position of Jonesborough on Sept. 1, and captured the works, with ten guns and nearly 2000 prisoners. The vanquished army retreated during the night, and were pursued by Sherman to the next line of defence, eight or ten miles farther down the road. By this rapid and successful movement Sherman at once cut Hood's army in two and occupied his main line of communication. The Confederate General, therefore, had no option but to abandon Atlanta, which he did at once, blowing up the magazines and destroying as much as possible of the stores that could not be hastily removed. Fourteen pieces of artillery, however, a large



GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, COMMANDING THE FEDERAL ARMY IN GEORGIA.



THE WHARVES OF NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, WITH THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER FANNY DISCHARGING COTTON ALONGSIDE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

number of small-arms, and a considerable amount of material, fell into the hands of the victorious Federals when they took possession of it the following day.

It seems that Hood and his forces disappeared during the night, and that after the magazines were blown up the twentieth corps under Slocum, left behind by Sherman, advanced and took possession of Atlanta without any serious opposition. Strongly fortified as it was, it was believed that the place might have held out for months longer with an army much fewer in number than that of Hood; but it is reported that a great proportion of his troops were raw militia, old men, and lads scarcely able to hold a musket, while they were short both of ammunition and provisions. Whatever may be the real state of the case, there can be no doubt whatever of General Sherman's military skill and fertility of resources during a difficult and eventually successful campaign. Lieutenant-General Grant it is said lately expressed an opinion that Sherman "is a head and shoulders taller than any other General in the service," and it is tolerably certain that for some time, at all events, this opinion will be shared by the whole people of the Federal States.

General William T. Sherman was born in Ohio in 1818, and was a pupil at West Point, where he graduated in the same class with General Thomas, being promoted to a first lieutenant in 1841. During the Mexican war he served in California, where his meritorious conduct procured for him the rank of Captain. At the commencement of hostilities with the South he offered his services to the Federal Government, and was appointed Colonel of the thirteenth infantry, which regiment he commanded at the battle of Bull Run. Being afterwards raised to the rank of Brigadier-General, he succeeded General Anderson in command of the department of the Ohio, from which he was removed because he declared that 200,000 men would be needed to fight the rebels successfully in Kentucky; a statement which, however distasteful at the time, seems to have been founded on a rational knowledge of the work that would ensue. At the Battle of Shiloh he took so prominent a part that General Halleck reported to the War Department that the final success of the battle was mainly due to him. On his promotion to the rank of Major-General he was intrusted with the command of the fifth division of General Grant's army, and took an important part in the siege of Vicksburg, since which he has been moving in various strategic positions, which have at last resulted in his successful accomplishment of one of the most important successes which have been achieved by the Federal army during the entire war.

THE WHARVES AT NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.

As a supplement to the View of the Harbour of Nassau, which has already appeared in these columns, we this week publish an Engraving of the Wharves of that now busy port, with a celebrated blockade-runner, the Fanny (which, however, we believe has since been captured), discharging cotton at the public wharf. Two other blockade-running steamers are also shown, together with a new warehouse in course of erection. Till recently, the trade was being pursued with as much vigour as ever, the local journals being filled with lists of arrivals and departures from and to the blockaded ports. At last advices, however, the trade had been nearly suspended, in consequence of the vessels engaged in it requiring repair, and from fever having broken out to a serious extent among the officers and crews of the blockade-runners, some of which had lost nearly half their complement of hands. Amongst those who had died of fever was Captain Butcher, who first took the Alabama to sea, and was in command of that famous cruiser until superseded by Captain Semmes. The pestilence, however, was on the decrease, and it was expected that active operations would ere long be resumed, those vessels requiring repair having gone to Nova Scotia for the purpose. The vigilance of the Federal cruisers was in no way abated, but all their efforts were ineffectual to suppress the trade, the enormous profits of which amply cover the risks involved.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

ADULTERATION.

Of all detestable phases of dishonesty there can scarcely be any meaner and more reprehensible in itself, or more fraught with injury to the community, than the system of adulteration of our daily food and drink. It is worse even than ordinary theft, of which it forms a distinct species. The pickpocket, who purloins a handkerchief or a watch, leaves his patient to find out the full extent of the wrong. The knavish tradesman, who purloins a handful from each pound of tea, coffee, or sugar which he sells, conceals his crime, and makes no scruple of supplying the deficiency with articles which he knows can only be injurious to his customers' health. The baker is not content to supply a small and inferior loaf, but must make it appear a large one, and disguise the defects of its materials, by the addition of lime, burnt bones, alum, and potatoes. The dairyman steals the milk which he pretends to sell, and disposes of it at twice its real value by augmenting its quantity with nasty mixtures known only to his fraternity. The publican, under pretext of vending fermented and alcoholic liquors, dispenses stupefying and maddening medicaments. The fatty substance, or "butter of cocoa," abstracted from the pure material and sold for medical purposes, is replaced by tallow. For curry-powder we are supplied with ground rice and redlead; for sugar, with plaster of Paris, woody fibres of sugarcane, "trash," "sporules and filaments of fungi," "stony grit," and the "disgusting insects, acari." We quote from a report published some years since by Dr. Hassall. Our children's sweetmeats are coloured with chromate of lead, gamboge, red-lead, bisulphuret of mercury, carbonate, and in some instances even arsenite, of copper. Of pickles, nineteen out of twenty samples owe their acidity to sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol, while others draw their green tint from an admixture of the salts of copper. Anchovies are bottled with red paint, isinglass imitated by animal glue, and even the medicines and dietary of our invalids are commingled with fraudulent admixtures worthless if not injurious to the consumer.

Mr. Phillips, principal of the Government Laboratory, has had much to say lately, in his published report on adulterations. Snuff, as he tells us, is largely admixed with lime, the use of which is not prohibited. Samples of beer have

been found to contain *cocculus indicus* (a stupefying narcotic berry, used by poachers for paralyzing pheasants and fish), grains of paradise, capsicum (or cayenne), proto-sulphate of iron (the result of which is colic and vomiting), and tobacco. Pepper is found to be adulterated with rice-husks, starch, linseed meal, and, in one instance, ground pinewood or sawdust.

It is not to be supposed that these disclosures by a specially-appointed officer of the Government will be disregarded. The question is, what punishment will be sufficient, not for mere retaliation upon the offenders, but for the prevention of their practices? Fines are insufficient, for adulterators find means to make their profits pay pecuniary mulcts, and, in fact, money penalties may even act as a stimulus to increased offences which may reimburse the offenders. The great remedy is publicity. Not mere publication of newspaper reports, which may be suppressed to make room for more interesting matter, or which may never reach the classes for whose behoof they are made, but direct notice to the customers of the offenders. Make these publish their own fraud and infamy. The course is easy and practicable enough. In every case of clearly proved fraudulent adulteration let the defendant be bound by heavy recognisances and under severe personal penalties, to exhibit in his shop window a legible, printed notice containing the record of his offence and of his conviction. The only way to check adulteration is to make it not pay. It is avarice which prompts the crime, and, as this is the essential vice of the act, let this be made, as it should be, the lever by which it is to be overthrown.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE CONDITION OF THE PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA and the health of the Royal infant continue satisfactory.

AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT was inaugurated at Halifax on Saturday. The statue is by Mr. Thornycroft.

PRINCE HUMBERT inspected the troops at Woolwich on Wednesday.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE remains in much the same languid state as when he first arrived at Clumber. His airings are less frequent and no decided improvement in his health can be reported.

LORD BROUGHAM has just completed his eighty-sixth year, his Lordship having been born on the 19th of September, 1778.

THE REV. DR. JOHN STRAIN, President of St. Mary's Catholic College at Blair, near Aberdeen, has been appointed to succeed the late Dr. Gillis in the bishopric of Edinburgh.

THE LEGISLATURE OF QUEENSLAND has passed an Act legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

GARIBOLDI's health is reported to be perfectly re-established.

AN INSPECTOR OF THE BELFAST POLICE has been committed for trial for inciting the mob to riot during the recent party disturbances.

AN ARAB IN ALGIERS, fourteen years of age, has been convicted of the murder of his wife, aged seventeen—the parties having been married three years.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FIGHT between Joe Coburn and Jem Mace is appointed for the 4th proximo.

A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY, dressed in black, appeared among the reporters at the Chicago Convention as correspondent for a Philadelphia paper.

THE ADMIRALTY has resolved to reduce very materially the rigging of the ironclads, it having been found that the lightly sparred vessels, Defence and Enterprise, had the advantage of the heavier-rigged vessels of the fleet in sailing.

THE GOVERNMENT AT MONTE VIDEO have refused the ultimatum addressed to them by Brazil with a view to the pacification of the Republic of the Uruguay, and an armed intervention by Brazil is consequently expected.

GARDINER, a New South Wales bushranger, has been sentenced, under three several convictions, and, as the sentences are to take effect in succession, he is condemned to penal servitude for thirty-two years.

MRS. EMMA SHARP, the wife of a mechanic residing at Bowling, near Leeds, is now engaged in performing the pedestrian feat of walking 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours.

THE ANNUAL SPEECHES AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL were delivered on Wednesday morning. The Lord Mayor, as is the custom on such occasions, proceeded in state to the school. The orations bristled over with allusions to Alma Mater, and with expressions of sympathy for the Danes.

THE CANADIAN CONFERENCE has decided that the union of the British North American provinces would be satisfactory, provided that the terms of alliance could be arranged.

PARROTT, a farmer at Great Kemble, was whipping some pigs and a boar out of his yard, when the boar attacked him, causing him to fall into a ditch close by, where it gored him in so frightful a manner as to cause his death.

THE COHEN FAMILY has emigrated from Rome in order to escape the persecution of the Government. Notwithstanding the steps taken by the French Ambassador, the young Cohen had not been restored to his parents.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF AN AUGUSTINIAN MONASTERY was laid in London on Tuesday, the Right Rev. Monsignor Manning, Provost of the diocese of Westminster, preaching on the occasion.

THE MAN KING, who foolishly boasted that he was an accomplice in the murder of Mr. Briggs, has been discharged from custody, after suffering a fortnight's confinement and receiving a severe lecture from the magistrate for his silly conduct.

A WESTERN EDITOR was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in "trade." At the end of the year he found that his new subscriber was a coffin-maker.

A SMALL SAILING-BOAT was upset in Belfast Lough on Saturday last, and four men were drowned. The deceased appear to have been all more or less intoxicated. Each of the four was married, and had a family depending upon him for support.

AN AGRICULTURAL LABOURER at MASHAM, in the North Riding, was driving a reaping-machine on Monday when the horse ran away, and, in endeavouring to check it, the man fell among the knives of the machine and was so fearfully cut that he died very shortly afterwards.

THE LEEDS BANKING COMPANY stopped payment on Monday. The assets are estimated at £1,045,749, including £786,000 due from customers; and the liabilities amount to £754,000, including £255,000 deposits and £278,000 current accounts.

ORDERS were received in India on the 14th of July last to remove from cadres, and give promotion in their place, all lieutenant-colonels who have been transferred to the Staff corps; but this transfer does not go lower. This will give considerable promotion. Promotion is also to be given for transfers into line regiments.

DURING THE READING OF BANNIS in Manchester Cathedral, on Sunday, a woman rose from her seat, and, when two names were mentioned, said, in a loud tone of voice, "I forbid that!" She was requested by one of the apparitors to make her objection in the vestry after service, and she resumed her place. The scene caused some commotion in the crowded church.

PROFESSOR DONATI, the astronomer at Florence, announces the discovery of a new comet, being the third of the present year, in the constellation of Leo Minor. Its motion is very slow, which leads to the supposition that it is approaching the earth and sun; and is therefore not unlikely to appear under much larger dimensions than at present. Its actual appearance through the telescope is that of a very weak nebula.

AN OLD WOMAN, apparently poverty-stricken, recently died in a town on the Scheldt. After her death property to the amount of two million guilders was found. There were pots full of the gold and silver of withdrawn and forgotten currencies, which had been buried for years; there was a box full of Austrian and other stock certificates, the coupons of which had not been cut off for a quarter of a century; while in a tin canister, which might have been the domestic tea-caddy, was a quarter of a million's worth of bank notes, musty with the accumulated damp of years.

GALLANT RESCUE BY A YOUNG LADY.—A young lady, named Miss Fanny Churchward, very gallantly rescued from drowning Miss Mary Pritchard, of Aberavenny, who on Monday last was bathing on the Plymouth Hoe. Miss Pritchard was fast being carried out to sea by the tide, when Miss Churchward plunged into the water, without waiting to divest herself of any clothing, and brought her safe on shore. This is the third life this young woman has saved during the present summer.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

EVER since Lord Westbury delivered that terrible judgment of his on the "Essays and Reviews," the bishops and other ecclesiastical swells have been in an awful funk, as the schoolboys say—perplexed with fear of change—and devising all sorts of impracticable schemes to patch up the fence round the Church which the inexorable Lord Chancellor so recklessly broke down. By-the-way, I heard the other day of a clergyman who openly preached against his Lordship, taking for his text "The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it." The "boar out of the wood" was, of course, the learned Lord. Who was likened to "the wild beast of the field that doth devour it" I did not hear. The last scheme devised by the bishops is to send round a declaration of faith to our men of science, setting forth that there can be no antagonism between revealed and scientific truth, with a request to the said men of science to affix their signatures thereto. Men of science—all the most eminent of them—have, however, of course, declined to comply with this impudent request. Of course, the refusal was couched in courteous language; but in private, you may be sure, our philosophers spoke of this audacious attempt to fetter their minds very freely, and applied to it language more forcible than polite. To my thought, this attempt is stupid and wicked; stupid, for every man whose brains are not addled must see that no declaration like this, though it were to be signed by all the scientific men in the world, could stop inquiry. The inquisition, with all its terrors—its wheels and racks, and all its multitudinous apparatus of torture—could not do that. Revealed truth and scientific truth are one. All truth is one; but to ascertain what is revealed truth will, and must, and ought to be the object of every man's search. The old Coggeshall farmer, who put up hurdles to keep the flies off his turnips, soon discovered that the flies not only got through the bars of his hurdles but over them. Our bishops are more stupid than he. Finding that their hurdle fence is a failure, they are attempting to wattle it up. But this scheme is wicked; for one of the ideas of the promoters is that all who refuse to sign will be socially ostracised as infidels; and thirty years ago, mind you, this threat meant to be conveyed, though not expressed, would not have been a *brutum fulmen*. Happily, however, the times have improved. Such men as Lyell, and Murchison, and Herschel care no more for these threats than they do for the ban of the Pope.

Apologies of all this, you will have seen that Colenso was received at the British Association meeting with all the honours. He was first cheered faintly, then came a few scattered hisses, and then up rose the vast assembly and burst forth in a storm of cheers. Now, I interpret this enthusiasm in this way: We must not suppose that all those people who cheered so lustily approved of the Bishop's criticisms, or had even read them; but they had all learned from the newspapers of the attempts which had been made to put him down; how the screw had been put upon him to make him resign his bishopric; how he had been inhibited to preach at Lutterworth and elsewhere, and generally subjected to all sorts of misrepresentations and other annoyances; cruelly persecuted, in short; and these cheers were a good, honest, hearty English protest against these attempts to silence instead of confuting the Bishop. It is clear, then, that the plan of social ostracism won't do. And, now, allow me to say that upon "Essays and Reviews" and Colenso criticism I offer no opinion here; but, in common with the enthusiastic cheerers at Bath, I must protest against all these attempts to stop inquiry. We have long since got rid of Government licensing of books. State prosecutions of political and religious heresies have fallen into disuse since William Hone—all honour to his memory, therefore—defeated the Attorney-General and two Judges, specially instructed to obtain conviction; and, having broken from our necks the political yoke, we cannot and will not allow an ecclesiastical yoke to be placed there instead.

Mr. Henry Seymour—"Henry Seymour," mark you!—his real name is Henry Danby Seymour; but there is a Digby Seymour in the House, and Mr. Danby Seymour used to be often mistaken for Mr. Digby Seymour, and this annoyed Mr. Danby Seymour; so from all division-lists he eliminated the Danby, and now stands as plain Henry Seymour—Mr. Henry Seymour, then, has been holding forth at Poole, to his constituents there, and he has pronounced for a very extensive Parliamentary reform indeed. Nothing less than household suffrage will satisfy him; and, in perspective, he sees even a larger suffrage than this before him. Manhood suffrage as soon as the people get to be a little better educated. In 1857 Mr. Henry Seymour spoke of a gradual extension of the suffrage; but that is seven years ago; and a man's mind, if it have room, &c., may be expected to grow somewhat in seven years. Now, in 1857 Mr. Seymour hardly had room to expand. He was then Secretary of the Board of Control, which used to sit in a dingy old bureau in that dark and gloomy thoroughfare, Cannon-street, Westminster. Moreover, Mr. Vernon Smith (now Lord Lyvedon) was his chief. Under such circumstances, Mr. Seymour could hardly be expected to expand. In 1858 the Whig Government went out, and the Conservatives came in; and, as we all remember, there was a Reform Bill on the tapis; but in the discussion upon this bill we do not remember that Mr. Seymour propounded his household suffrage scheme. It was not till 1860, when another Whig Government had been formed—in which no place had been found for Mr. Seymour, and he got quite clear of the deadening influence of a Government office and into the fresh, crisp, healthful air below the gangway, that his mind began to expand. We, who have to attend the House of Commons to watch proceedings there, have often seen instances of this kind. Take the most lively bird that ever chirruped from his perch below the gangway and set him down upon the Treasury bench, and he is sure to become silent and moping like a bird moulting; whilst, on the other hand, take the dullest bird from the Treasury bench and set him on his old perch, and he will wake up, flutter his feathers, and break forth into the most astonishing songs. Of course I do not allude here to the "cocks of the walk," but to the smaller underling birds. The chiefs are, for the most part, as lively in office as they are out; but even they are observed to sing very different songs from the Opposition side to those which we got from them when they were on the Treasury bench. Besides, there is another reason why Mr. Seymour has blown out so expansively. There is a general election ahead, and very near, and it has been noticed by naturalists that a general election has a very strong forcing power upon the minds of members of Parliament. Your Tory expands almost into a Whig; your Whig into a Radical, and something more. Now, if Lord Palmerston should come back with a large majority, and should find a place for Mr. Seymour in his Government, and should be obliged to bring forward a small Reform Bill, with a £6 franchise, what would Mr. Seymour do? Do? Why, pocket his notions and hold his tongue—contract as rapidly as he has expanded.

But here comes before us a very different man—to wit, Mr. Baxter, at Montrose—who has been addressing his constituents. Mr. Baxter never fluctuates, as some men do. As he was when he first came into Parliament, in 1855, so he is now. A Radical he was in 1855, and a Radical he is in 1864. But, then, Mr. Baxter never changes his position in the House; does not migrate from the Treasury bench to below the gangway, nor from below the gangway to the Treasury bench. He has never held office, does not want office. He has had it offered him and refused it. He might have succeeded Mr. Stansfeld, but declined the offer. Well, as Mr. Baxter has not been subjected to such variable climates as Mr. Henry Seymour, his mind has not contracted and expanded like that of the honourable member for Poole. To my mind, there is no better representative of the people in the House of Commons than Mr. Baxter. He does not talk so often as many of the members, and for this reason—he never rises to speak till he has something to say, and he sits down when he has done. *Oh, si sic omnes!* How early should we get to bed! How short would be our Sessions! I venture to say that, if all the talking members were to adopt Mr. Baxter's rule, the House would never sit after nine o'clock, and would do all its work in three months. Mr. Baxter's speech to his constituents is far away the best extra-Parliamentary speech that has been made this autumn. It was really an account of his stewardship—plain, simple, but

eloquent and full of facts. The good people of Montrose ought to be, and no doubt are, abundantly satisfied with their member.

Mr. William Cowper does not shine brilliantly in the House—far from it. He is, nevertheless, an energetic Chief Commissioner, and certainly has taste. It is to him that we owe the beautiful flower-beds in St. James's Park, the like in Battersea Park, and a tropical department there. Now, all this is very good, and not very costly; perhaps about as costly as three or four Armstrong guns; certainly not nearly so as the testing experiments at Shoeburyness. Mr. Cowper, is now busy about another small work. He is making a rotten-row by the side of Birdcage-walk, from the end of Great George-street to the Palace. It is inside the St. James's Park inclosure, down the avenue between the palisades and the broad path. This is a sop in the pan to the swells, who have of late grumbled about the expenses of Battersea Park. I expect to see a rotten-row made in the Green Park also, and then the Belgravians and Tyburnians will be able to gallop nearly all the way from Kensington Gardens to the Houses of Parliament without fear of laming their steeds.

I find I omitted to mention last week that Sir Charles Wood had been doing duty as Secretary of State in attendance on her Majesty at Balmoral as well as Sir George Grey. But what does it matter? The duty is taken by the various Secretaries of State in turn, or by arrangement among themselves; and, of course, they are changed from time to time. I had only noticed the name of the Home Secretary as being "on duty" in the north.

"Annadale" is the unpretentious title of Mr. Wilkie Collins's new novel, which is to follow "Margaret Denzil" in the *Cornhill Magazine*. A reprint of this last-named story is in the press. Miss Martineau has taken up the subject of Middle-Class Education, on which subject she has written two papers for the *Cornhill Magazine*.

There was a very considerable gathering on Wednesday morning at the Olympic Theatre. The whole of the scenery, wardrobe, and stage effects were to be sold by auction in consequence of the dissolution of partnership between Mr. Bentinck, Mr. Emden, and the late Mr. Robson. However, intending purchasers were disappointed, for the auctioneers announced that the property was "withdrawn," and that no sale was to take place. I wonder what on earth anyone, save and except members of the theatrical profession, could have wanted at this sale; and a perusal of the catalogue has by no means satisfied my mind. I can imagine that youthful histrionic aspirants intending to play the Hamlets and the Othellos might find "nineteen pairs of plush breeches," a safe investment; and lot No. 9, "twenty-seven useful waistcoats," would be a good bargain to anybody. I do not know what sort of actor could want "six Polish coats," and no power on earth but that of Great Scotland-yard could have the remotest interest in "five burlesque police ditto," to say nothing of "five tunics, various," which are comprised in the same lot. "Six page's plush dresses" is an interesting item, as also is "four burlesque satin ditto." Lot 54 would be an eligible investment for lunatic housekeepers furnishing for Hanwell. It consists of "four Arab striped cloaks, six Egyptian ditto, and three bed-gowns." Lot 85 ridicules the civil authorities again, for it comprises "six policemen's burlesque coats"—policemen's burlesque, not burlesque police; and "six pairs of full red tunics." Then comes the ladies' wardrobe. This, indeed, is sacred ground. Could any one mortal, for the mere consideration of paltry lucre, possess such treasures as "six Grecian dresses and draperies (ballet)," I say nothing of "pink satin petticoat and a white ditto;" or of a "silver brocade dress and robe, Turkish trousers, and vest;" or of "twelve tuck-up ditto and fourteen bodices;" or of "six nun's dresses and a crinoline," which last, strange to say, are in the same lot; and oh! how happy must that lot be. For the furniture, I can imagine no family mad enough to buy a "property fireplace, and a ditto 'with steam apparatus,'" "ten stage banks," or a "dummy pianoforte." To have "three stage clocks" would be an embarrassment of riches, and to a "basket-sheep" the public would doubtless say "Bah!" Lot 39 is indeed a sad one, and evokes memories that make the subject impossible to pursue in other than a serious spirit. It reads:—"The following dresses, worn by the late Mr. Robson in the characters of Medea, Mazeppa, Queen Eleanor, 'The Doge of Doralto,' 'The Thumping Legacy,' 'Alfred the Great,' 'Going to the Bad,' 'Catching an Heiress,' 'The Porter's Knot,' and 'Mephistophiles.'" Surely it was hardly good taste to offer these for sale so soon after the favourite actor's funeral. "Alas! poor Yorick!"

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The theatrical season is setting in with unusual severity. On Saturday last the Strand and Sadler's Wells Theatres opened; on Monday the audience were again admitted to the Haymarket; and this day Drury-Lane commences its second season under its present management. While speaking of the "national" establishment—though why called "national" I could never guess—I am sorry to tell you that Mr. Falconer is very seriously ill.

To begin at the beginning, a full house was assembled at the Haymarket to see "The Castle of Andalusia," "Friend Waggle," and "A Kiss in the Dark." "The Castle of Andalusia," which was written by Mr. O'Keefe, was revived for the occasion of Mr. Buckstone's benefit last season. It has not been played for many years in London—a fact which will by no means surprise those who witness it. Indeed, those who wish to enjoy Mr. O'Keefe's melodrama, play, farce, opera, or whatever it may be called, had better hasten to do so, as the chances are that the chef-d'œuvre is likely to lie "dormant," as the elder Mr. Weller has it, for the next few centuries. "The Castle of Andalusia" (where was the castle of Andalusia?—it is a perfect chateau d'Espagne) has no plot, or if it has, it is so confused that your "Lounge," assisted by half a dozen friends who have concocted and unravelled many plots in their time, could not discover it. It possesses exactly as much incident as plot, and the dialogue is flavourless. There is some very spirited music in it, and also some exceedingly tame ditto. Mr. Buckstone's appearance as the impudent robber, Spado, was greeted with reiterated rounds of applause. Mr. Chippendale and Mr. Compton were also, as the Yankees say, "ovated." Miss Louise Keeley was encored most deservedly in the lively ballad of "Two strings to his bow;" Miss Nelly Moore as Victoria looked the sweetest and demurest of possible nuns; and Mdm. Weiss obtained considerable applause for her execution of one or two of Messrs. Hatton's and Howard Glover's popular songs. Certainly our immediate ancestors, who, if we are to believe what we are told, were fortunate in the possession of an enormous wealth of dramatic and artistic talent, never heard Dr. Arnold's "Flow, thou regal purple stream," "On by the spur of valour goaded," or "The Wolf," sung with finer voice, effect, and energy than by that admirable basso, Mr. Weiss. I must admit, too, that I saw some old—some very old—playgoers nodding their heads with pleasure; the familiar words and music may have brought back the memories of the days of boyhood. Morton's capital old Olympic farce of "Friend Waggle" followed. The National Anthem was sung, and the "Kiss in the Dark" concluded the performances.

At the STRAND, the farces of "Short and Sweet" and "Where's Your Wife?" were the setting for the revival of the burlesque of the "Miller and His Men." Hardly one of the old favourites who played the parts in the original cast now speak the puns and sing the parodies of this joint production of the late Mr. Talfourd and Mr. Byron. Miss Charlotte Saunders (Grindoff) is I know not where; Mr. John Clarke (Lothair) acts at the St. James's; Mr. James Rogers is dead; and though Miss Marie Wilton appeared in a very becoming evening dress when the company "ranged themselves" to sing "God Save the Queen," yet she did not play Karl, which character was personated with great sauciness, liveliness, and effect by Miss Eliza Johnstone. I do not believe that the cast of any revival ever equalled the original performance still, Messdames Simpson, Ada Swanborough, and Kate Carson, and Messrs. Fenton, James, and Thorne, were well received and laughed at "consumedly," as they say in those

old comedies which it is not an unmixed misfortune that we see so seldom now. The other recognised favourites of the company, Messrs. Parselle, Belford, and Turner, were applauded on their first appearance with that sort of personal feeling exhibited in theatres where the artists can almost shake hands with the sitters in the auditorium; and, talking of the auditorium, let me say that the comfort of the public has been very carefully "thought out." The theatre has been thoroughly redecored, the boxes enlarged and provided with spring cushions, and another row of stalls affords boxes, pit, and gallery an increased opportunity of criticising symmetrical back-partings and snowy shoulders.

SADLER'S WELLS "elected" to open with Sheridan Knowles's somewhat dreary play of "Love." I know that to express anything but the most fervid admiration of five acts of blank verse containing incident enough to carry through a one-act drama—is to be ranked by that worthy class the theatrical fogey as "a worldling;" and by those amiable ancients whose delight it is to talk, "taste, Shakespeare, and the musical-glasses," as a person of low and depraved mental capacity; despite this, I will screw up sufficient courage to say that I do think that, in the days of oil-lamps, our forefathers made some mistakes, and stamped several very indifferent, leaden pieces with the hall-mark of their approval. Miss Marriott was very successful in her impersonation of the Countess. Mr. George Melville, who, two or three seasons ago, was the leading actor at the Lyceum, made his appearance as Huon, and secured the goodwill of the legitimists of Islington.

"A Fight with Fate" is the appropriate title of the new sensation drama at the SURREY. My limits do not permit me to describe the complicated plot of this latest offering at the shrine of realism. I must, therefore, content myself by saying that every combination of every variety of every unfortuitous circumstance groups itself round and about the hero of the piece, Henry Martindale, who, despised and persecuted through four acts, turns out at last to be neither murderer, convict, nor thief, but no less a person than the Marquis of Ormond; and, if in real life we do not see the ultimate triumph of virtue and downfall of villainy so often as on the stage, all the worse for real life and all the better for the stage. The great effect of the drama is the burning of a man-of-war, which is an extraordinary piece of mechanical contrivance. One minute the toppling masts, the crackling deck, and falling spars are seen lighted up redly by the flames. A loud report is heard; the powder-magazine is supposed to have exploded, the vessel parts in a cloud of smoke, and, in a second, where the auditor looked upon the lurid blaze of a wrecked ship, he sees only a gray, tumbling sea, and a leaden sky. The billows were admirably imitated, and when the raft with the principal characters clinging to it appeared tossing on the mimic ocean, the house applauded rapturously, and Mr. Shepherd and his fellow-passengers were called before the curtain, possibly to convince the audience that they were not really drowned. Another effect is an earthquake on a tropical island, in which the Gorilla figures almost as mischievously as in the pages of M. de Chauli's and Mr. Winwood Reade's works. Mr. Fernandez, as the hero Martindale, acted with great spirit and feeling. Mr. Voltaire was the heartiest, most hospitable, and unfeeling of naval officers. Mr. Edgar, as the ruffian forger, exhibited all the refrigerated villainy peculiar to the upper classes as represented in this class of drama; and Mr. Felix Rogers was a very comic London cad and powder-monkey, Miss Georgina Pouncefort an interesting heroine and devoted wife, and Mr. Shepherd a philanthropic missionary, who instilled the wholesomest of precepts in the hearts of all around him. The "Fight with Fate" is a real Surrey success. A new comedy with an extraordinary title is underlined. Here it is: "Fast Friends Up a Tree; or, How to Shave the Governor!"

THE OLYMPIC has closed, and the Ticket-of-Leave Man, in the person of Mr. Neville, has taken refuge in other climes. The theatre re-opens shortly with entirely new internal fittings and decorations, a new management, and, in some respects, a new company.

Mr. Sothorn has made an extraordinary success as David Garrick, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

Mr. Toole leaves the Adelphi for a trip in the provinces. On Monday next a new star will be offered for public approbation. I am forbidden to say anything about him or his antecedents, for I heard them from a private source, and am in a manner sworn to secrecy.

FINE ARTS.

THE PICTURES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

NATURE is almost too powerful a rival to Art at Sydenham. The lovely view of Kent from the outer galleries makes us difficult to please in landscape-painting. Even Mr. Arthur Hughes's colouring would pale somewhat before the pure brilliancy of the dexterously variegated flower-beds. And as for water colour, what can equal the exquisite hues which Iris paints upon the fountains where the sun kisses their silvery columns? Even at this late period of the year, when autumn is touching with gold the woods of Kent, the critic, with the highest notions of duty, finds it difficult to tear himself from the terraces to seek the picture-galleries. For the Crystal Palace Company finds a niche in its enormous space for painting; and, indeed, if numbers were all that we require, the collection would be one of the finest in England. Unfortunately, quality does not keep pace with quantity, and, although the catalogue runs up to 1600, the good pictures may be counted on our fingers.

The chief attraction of this the ninth annual exhibition of pictures is set forth as the private collection of Mr. Henry Bicknell, of Cavendish House, Clapham-common, who has very generously lent it to the Crystal Palace Company. We observe that the directors are desirous of meeting some other art-patron, who will lend his pictures, as Mr. Bicknell has done. We hope that their wishes may be gratified, for the notion is an exceedingly good one. But we must be allowed to add, without meaning any offence, that their next loan-exhibition should be better selected and more attractive than the present one. Mr. Bicknell deserves the highest praise for consenting to part with his property so long; but he appears to have a great partiality for paintings by Mr. Roberts, which, to take the lowest ground of objection, savours too much of *jours perdrez*. To popularise such exhibitions, and thus educate the public to a taste for art, there must be a little more variety.

We must not forget that there is one great curiosity here shown—the first picture ever exhibited by Mr. Roberts (44), "New Abbey, Dumfries." It contrasts strangely with the later works of the same artist hanging near it. One can detect but little promise of the bold and dashing but effective and correct brush (with all its mannerism) so familiar to those who visit the exhibitions.

The Turners are by no means good specimens. "Ivy Bridge" (3) is the best—"Palestrina" (1) being one of those later works illustrative of the artist's mysterious "MS. Poem, the Fallacies of Hope."

There are some pleasing little sea-pieces by Mr. Cooke, but they are, we should say, early works. Mr. C. Stanfield's "Mouth of the Humber" is also, we fancy, an early one; but Mr. G. Stanfield's "River Scene" (23) is really a most meritorious work, though hung rather too high to be seen properly.

Mr. Sant is another artist who is represented here, we should imagine, by a picture painted many years since. It is a very charming head of a young lady—a portrait—but lacks the refinement and dexterous handling that have won Mr. Sant so much reputation in later years.

Two little pictures by Mr. Frost are very pleasing indeed, and show clearly that he should not attempt to fill very large canvases. No. 13 is an Etty—"Venus and Cupid." The feet of Venus are concealed by gauzy drapery in an awkward way, which would suggest, in the case of any other artist, an inability to draw those members.

There are also two or three clever little sketches, rather than pictures, by Mr. Cropsey, the American artist, whose renderings of his

country's splendid autumnal foliage and gorgeous skies will be well remembered. His "Dismal Swamp" (61) is a fine piece of colour, and no doubt true to nature. Mr. Gilbert is fairly represented here—a "Standard Bearer" being especially good and very characteristic. A landscape by Mr. Jutsum, "Felling Timber" (15), is careful and truthful; and a sky in Mr. Allen's "View, with Cattle" (30), is well studied; while Mr. Rose's "Cottages" (55) claims a word of praise. But the palm must be awarded to Mr. G. Hering's "View near Dorking—Approach of Twilight" (73), which is a most conscientious and telling transcript from nature, and bears evidence of actual study on the spot.

Mr. W. Muller's "Near Gillingham" (78) must not be forgotten; and two pictures by Mr. Surtees, "A View in North Wales" (74) and "Where the Brambles Grow" (75), are deserving of the highest praise for treatment and execution.

The water colours—which, by-the-way, are made to include a lithograph, a pencil drawing, and a crayon sketch—(who made out the catalogue?)—are not numerous, and hardly so good as we should have expected, considering that our artists are more successful in water colour than in oil. Messrs. M'Kewan, Leitch, Cooke, and Roberts, however, have works among them which are not unworthy of their reputations.

In the Crystal Palace exhibition proper we find both the British and foreign schools represented, but as a whole not very favourably.

In the British school Mr. Naish is *facile princeps*. He has two views (200). "Clovell, Within and Without," shows the rollers outside, and the calm water inside, the harbour. The painting of a shower dimming the wooded hills above the town is exceedingly clever. "Castle Rock, Linton" (333), his second picture, is a miraculously vivid realisation of rock, and grass, and blue sea. Mr. Goldie ranks next to Mr. Naish, with two pictures also, a very fine one, "True to Death" (131), representing an incident in the Civil War; and "A Roman Love-letter" (396), which reminds us of Gerome, and that is something to say for it. After these we may mention Mr. M. Anthony's "Burnham Beeches" (318), Mr. Poynter's "Heaven's Messenger" (35), Mr. Thorpe's "Drifting on Shore" (89), and Mr. A. Williams's "Oyster Perches, Mumbles" (297).

Miss Solomon has a clever little picture, "Retrospection" (419), and Miss M. E. Edwards exhibits "The Friar of Orders Gray," which is capital in composition, but not so good in colour.

Mr. Halliday's well-known "Measuring for the Wedding Ring" (55) is to be seen here, but still fails to convince us of the beauty ascribed to it by some. Nearly opposite to this is a picture which is worth seeing, if only to teach us how bad a painting can be.

Mr. W. Melby is ranked among the English artists, but his "Sognefjord" (480) should certainly be transferred to the foreign school, where we shall find a capital landscape, with a coming storm (760), by Roelofs, and an exquisite moonlight seacoast (886), by Kreuzer. Hillemecher's "Education of Jupiter" (931) is full of grace and painted with great feeling. We are almost inclined to give it the first place in this school. The attitudes of the nymphs are simply delicious for their naïveté and natural charm. The late Marcus Larson's "Ship on Fire" (931) is worthy of his reputation as a sea-painter; and a view of the "Bay of Naples" (1030), by Flamm, should be by no means overlooked. "The Forsaken" (932), by Mdlle. Feyolle; two animal subjects (1117, 1118), by Lachenwitz; another of the same class by De La Fosse, and a landscape by Rodde, are the chief works that remain to be noticed.

In the Water-colour Gallery we find one of Miss Blunden's truthful views, a "Scene near the Lizard" (1311); a "Lock at Windsor" (1382), by Mr. Weedon; and a "Sunset in Cadzow Forest" (1474), by Mr. Fairbairn, among the most noticeable pictures. There are also two curious American scenes (1482, 1500) by an American, Mr. Bodmer.

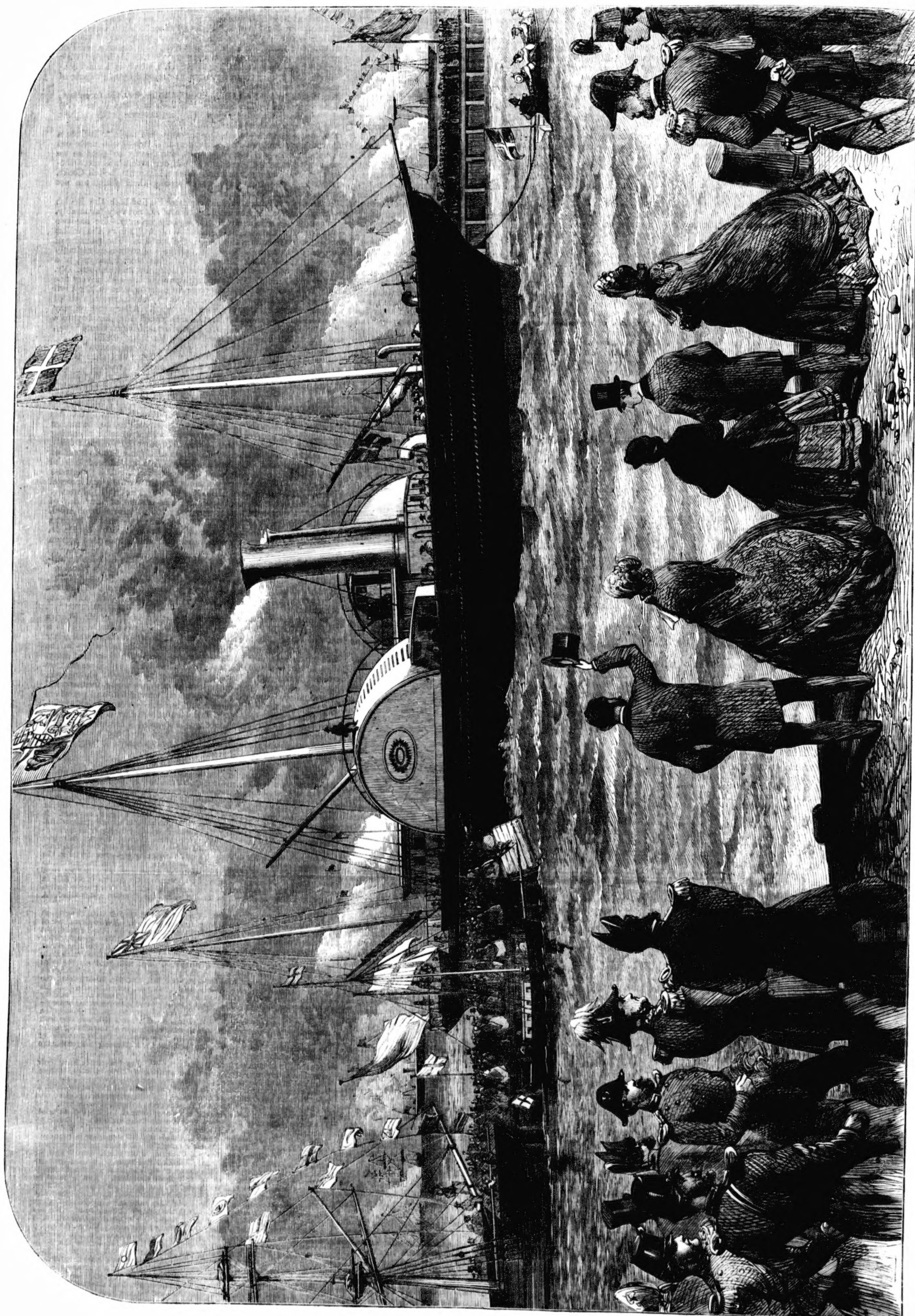
But by far the most marvellous picture of all is Mr. Sharp's "Raglan Castle" (1487), which is most real and natural. It is a monument of infinite patience, every stone in the castle wall being a miniature, and every ivy-leaf a portrait. The reflections in the still moat are rendered with the utmost fidelity of tone and intensity. It is almost impossible in looking at this picture to believe that we are not looking at a large and ingeniously coloured photograph. We seldom remember to have seen an instance where accuracy and minuteness in detail were so elaborately worked out, and yet where aerial perspective and general effect remained so entirely uninjured.

We cannot conclude our notice without uttering a wish that the directors of the Crystal Palace would appoint a committee of taste to superintend the Art Department, and weed the walls of the numerous daubs amongst which we have to search so long for the good pictures we have quoted.

A MOURNFUL PARALLEL.—In connection with the melancholy death of Captain Speke, it is sad to recollect that a similarly sudden end befell another African explorer, James Bruce, the famous Abyssinian traveller. In Black's "Guide to Scotland" is the following record of the occurrence:—"In Lartbert Church, Falkirk, James Bruce, the famous Abyssinian traveller, is interred, and Kinnaird, his paternal estate, is at no great distance. It was here he met with that accident which terminated his adventurous life. And it is remarkable to think that, after narrowly escaping from the murderous attacks of the treacherous Abyssinian Nayebe; fleeing, once and again, for his life before wild beasts and men nearly as wild; defying a murderous marauder chief in his own fortalice; mixing as a commander in the native wars; catching the deadly disease of the tropics, and being worn to such a skeleton that his best friends did not know him; after having been half buried in simoons of burning dust, reaching the sources of the Nile in spite of native opposition, and eating steaks out of living cows—when handing a lady down stairs after dinner he slips, tumbles, and is killed. A singular end for such a life."

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The members of the Scientific Congress at Bath have continued their labours during the week, and a great number of papers on almost every topic of interest have been read. On Saturday last the association had, besides some sectional meetings, two very interesting excursions to Frome and Stanton Drew. Those who chose the former had the pleasure of lunching with the Earl of Cork, those with Lady Waldegrave and Mr. Chichester Fortescue. But rain rendered the trips less enjoyable than they would otherwise have been. The proceedings on Monday had additional interest from the fact that Dr. Livingstone, the eminent African explorer, read a paper. It was, indeed, a digest of his experiences in Africa, and was most instructive. So great was the anxiety to hear it that, while Dr. Livingstone himself read it to a crowded audience at the theatre, it was also read at the Mineral Water Hospital. The association closed its formal meeting on Wednesday, when a floral fête was very well attended. On Thursday there were two excursions, one of them being to the new Clifton Bridge, which was passed over for the first time by members of the association. The next meeting is to be held at Birmingham, under the presidency of Professor Phillips.

MARRIAGE IN THE COTTON DISTRICTS.—Children frequently leave their parents at a very early age in the manufacturing districts. Girls of sixteen years and lads of the same age find that they can enjoy greater liberty, and, if not greater comforts, that at least they can have their own way more in a separate home; and these partings cause little surprise or disturbance. As might be expected where labour is in such great demand, juvenile marriages are more common in Lancashire than in any other of the English counties. The Census returns of 1861 show that among the population of Bolton 45 husbands and 172 wives were coupled at the immature age of "fifteen and under;" in Burnley there were 51 husbands and 147 wives, in Stockport 59 husbands and 179 wives, in the same category. The same reliable evidence shows that from fifteen to twenty is an age at which a considerable number of the male, and a still greater proportion of the female, operatives are married. For the last fifty years the cotton manufacture has given such encouragement to matrimony as never existed elsewhere. And it must be admitted that, to the best of its ability, the operative class has fulfilled the Scriptural command. They have been fruitful and have multiplied, and if they have not replenished the earth, they have certainly to some extent subdued it by enwrapping its people in the produce of their hands. No one who has ever attended morning service at the Manchester Cathedral will forget the ceremony of asking the bans of marriage. When the happy couple make their appearance after the third publication, it is to be hoped that they are not so confused as are most of those listeners to this long-drawn string of some hundred names. Nineteen to twenty-two in the male, and seventeen to twenty in the female, sex are the usual matrimonial ages. Boy-husband and girl-wife—themselves oftentimes not fully grown—become the parents of weakly children, especially requiring what they rarely get—a mother's care. The husband and wife can earn at least thirty shillings per week; can rent a house which is wind and weather proof, though a filthy roadway may rise high above the door-sill, though the paved foot be perpetually damp, and though, through the back door, fever-seeds are wafted from the pestiferous "midden," which is "Lancashire" for that unwholesome combination of an open cesspool and an ashpit usually to be found at the back of their houses.—*Arnold's History of the Cotton Famine.*



VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO DENMARK: THE ROYAL YACHT OSBORNE ENTERING THE HARBOR OF COPENHAGEN

THE ALLEGED MURDERER MULLER.
ARRIVAL OF THE PRISONER IN LONDON.

ON Saturday last, being exactly a fortnight after leaving New York on the return voyage, Franz Müller arrived in London. From Liverpool he travelled in the custody of Inspector Tanner and Sergeant Clarke by an express-train, and reached the Euston-square terminus at about a quarter to three in the afternoon. Both at the Camden station of the London and North-Western Railway and at the Euston terminus hundreds of people had assembled long before the train containing the prisoner was due, opinion being divided as to which of the two he would alight at, and the railway authorities being, or affecting to be, in equal doubt. The uncertainty, of course, had the effect of lessening the pressure at one particular point, which was great enough as it was, and strong precautionary measures were taken at both places by the police and by the officials of the company to maintain order. Some hundreds of people had congregated on the Camden ticket-platform, and a telegram preceding the arrival of the train having been received there that Müller was in the last compartment of the last second-class carriage, a rush was made towards the lower part of the platform as the train, which was a very long one, appeared in sight. It reached there about thirty-five minutes past two, and on its stopping the carriage containing the prisoner was besieged by the crowd. While the tickets were being collected the most eager curiosity was shown by the crowd to catch a glimpse of the prisoner, who sat between Tanner and Clarke, with his face to the engine, and great excitement prevailed. The tickets having been collected, the train moved on, many of the people as it did so giving vent to their feelings by hooting and groaning. On its arrival at the Euston station the excitement was still more intense, if possible, and the exertions of a strong body of police were required to keep order. The train was drawn up so that the carriage containing Müller was immediately opposite a side outlet into Seymour-street. There the Bow-street police-van stood, with its door towards the platform, ready to receive him; and the moment he stepped upon the platform, which he did in a light, jaunty manner, he was assailed with groans. The officers Tanner and Clarke, having each hold of an arm of the prisoner, hurried him across the platform, and amid a scene of tumult, entered the prison-van, which was then driven off, amid many manifestations of popular indignation. He was driven by way of Hampstead-road, Tottenham-court-road, and St. Giles's to Bow-street. There the same intense curiosity was shown to catch a glimpse of him by the people assembled in the street. As the van passed along Bow-street it was guarded by constables on foot and followed by an excited mob. The moment it stopped in front of the police station a fearful rush was made towards it. Some minutes elapsed before a passage to the entrance to the station could be made and kept; but at length the door was opened, and Müller alighted, amid a storm of groans and hisses, with a light step and almost flippant air. He did not seem in the least disconcerted by the hooting with which he was assailed by the mob, and to them his appearance was evidently disappointing. Slim, pale, short, with light sandy hair, and anything but attractive features, dressed in thin, shabby clothes, and wearing a battered white straw hat, he had a very ordinary appearance. This opinion was freely expressed among the crowd, and a stalwart costermonger declared, with unpleasant vehemence, that "he could fight six on 'em at once." Others declared their belief that he could not have done the deed with which he is charged without assistance.

In the inspector's room, where Mr. West was in attendance to



FRANZ MULLER.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).

receive him, Müller was placed within the dock, Inspectors Tanner and Williamson standing by his side, and his solicitor, Mr. T. Beard, being also present. He gave his name as "Franz Müller," and his address as "16, Park-terrace, Old Ford-road, Victoria Park," the residence of Mr. Blythe, at which he was lodging before his departure for America. It is usual to describe the property found upon a prisoner, and under this heading the only words entered upon the sheet were "A hat and a watch." When Mr. Durkin read the charge over to him his head drooped a little, and there was an appearance of exhaustion about him as he was being conducted from the inspector's room, but on gaining the yard outside he brightened up again and walked rapidly to his cell. Mr. Beard was allowed to have

an interview with the prisoner in his cell, accompanied by Dr. Juch, a German, who is connected with the German Legal Society, which has undertaken the defence of Müller. The interview occupied more than an hour, and was, of course, strictly private, although Reimars, a constable of the A division, who is acquainted with the German language, was also present as the interpreter for the Crown. The crowd in front of the court remained all this time, convinced that Müller would be brought before the magistrate, if only to be formally remanded. The crowd was not even dispersed by a pelting rain. Eventually, the court being closed at five o'clock, and the reappearance of Müller being now regarded as impossible, the crowd quietly dispersed.

APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONER.

Many conflicting descriptions of the prisoner have been given in the hurry of a first impression, some of them favouring the supposition that he had not muscular power to overcome a hearty man like the late Mr. Briggs. Without at all attempting to prejudice the case, we may say that this is a mistake. Franz Müller is short, but firmly knit, and with a very determined lower jaw. Like most Germans, he is fair, rather weak-looking in complexion; but this effect is counteracted by his solid head. His expression is not pleasing; his light, bluish-grey eyes are set far back in his head, and he has a downcast look, but his forehead is high, his head is well balanced, and his mouth is not coarse. His hands are large and muscular; he is in tolerably good condition, and in certain lights of the court had a pugilistic appearance. He understands English fairly, and listened to the evidence at the examination on Monday with stolid composure, making no remarks to his solicitor. He stood up for more than an hour with his back to the crowd in the court, and at the end of that time was accommodated with a chair. The proceedings naturally attracted many foreigners, and amongst the distinguished visitors on the bench were Prince Humbert and the Marquis D'Azeglio.

THE EXAMINATION AT BOW-STREET.

In contemplation of the immense crowd which would be necessarily attracted to the vicinity of the court on Monday, Superintendent Durkin took the precaution of having his prisoner removed at an early hour to one of the cells attached to the court. Even at three o'clock in the morning groups of people were assembling in front of the station, and by seven o'clock more than 500 people had taken up their position between the station and the court opposite. A large body of police then formed into lines to keep the space clear for the passage of Müller, and at half-past seven o'clock the prisoner was brought across, amidst the shouts of the mob. He was not handcuffed, and we believe he has never been restrained in this way since he was delivered over to the custody of Inspector Tanner.

Of course, there being nothing left to see, the mob was content to leave, and from this time comparatively few persons cared to linger about the court, the impossibility of admission to so small an arena being obviously impossible. The street at both ends and the approaches to the court were amply guarded by the police, and the provision made to prevent a stoppage of the ordinary traffic was judicious and effective. The representatives of the press, English and foreign, the artists of the illustrated papers, the literary gentlemen, remarkable for their "powers of observation," &c., all claiming admission, were enough to occupy the limited area of the court. Many may deplore, but none can quarrel with, the intense anxiety of the public to gain a passing glimpse of the man whose name has been uppermost in everybody's mouth for two months.



THE EXAMINATION OF MULLER AT BOW-STREET ON MONDAY LAST.

past. All the circumstances attending this horrible business have partaken of the "sensational" character. The frightful nature of the crime, committed within three minutes and a half in a railway carriage; the complete novelty of the outrage in this country (a fact which in itself suggested the probability, generally expressed at the time, that a foreigner had been concerned in the murder); the singular fact that the two first persons to enter the carriage after the commission of the deed were fellow-clerks of the deceased, who had become unconsciously besmeared with the blood of the murdered man; the mystery which for nine days enveloped the whole affair and baffled the exertions of the police; the startling revelations of the cabman Matthews after the departure of Müller for America; the hurried pursuit of the fugitive by Inspectors Tanner and Kerrissey in separate steam-packets, each armed with extradition warrants for the apprehension of the supposed culprit; the long-procrastinated arrival of Müller at New York, only to encounter the gyves and fetters of the British detectives; his return to England without enjoying a moment's freedom in the new country; and, withal, the apparently stolid indifference of the man above all most deeply concerned in the proceedings;—these, and many other elements in the case, have combined to make it perhaps the most remarkable in the recent annals of crime.

The first examination of Franz Müller did not elicit any evidence that was not already before the public. Step by step the old ground was carefully gone over—the chief witnesses produced being the same who were examined in America, and whose statements, coupled with certain circumstantial evidence, led to the extradition of the prisoner. The watch and chain, and walking-stick, of the late Mr. Briggs were identified beyond all question, not only by his son, but by other witnesses; but considerable doubt appears to exist about the identity of the two hats—the hat supposed to have been left in the carriage by the prisoner and the hat presumed to have belonged to Mr. Briggs, which was found in Müller's possession. Mr. Briggs, jun. (we call him junior for the sake of distinction), was of opinion that his late father's hat was much higher from rim to crown than the one brought over from America, which, however, appeared to have been lined afresh lately. The evidence of the cabman tending to identify the hat of the prisoner led to much cross-examination by Mr. Beard, the solicitor retained by the German societies for the defence. The cabman's evidence is somewhat complicated, as he states that he purchased several hats within short periods of each other, and though his memory is very sharp and defined relative to the signs of the hat which he identifies as the prisoner's, it is exceedingly vague regarding the other hats. The solicitor for the defence has evidently something to produce on which he relies to upset this part of the evidence, and, with the consent of the counsel for the prosecution and the court, the cabman's examination was adjourned, and the prisoner remanded till Monday next.

GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY.

DESTRUCTION OF HABERDASHERS' HALL.

ONE of the largest conflagrations of a commercial character with which the city of London has been visited for very many years took place about two o'clock on Monday morning in Gresham-street West. It occurred in the midst of a block of buildings of an oblong form, having a principal front in Gresham-street West on its northern side and extending from the corner of Wood-street to the thoroughfare known as Staining-lane, and embracing within its area the newly-built and extensive warehouses in the occupation of Messrs. Thomas Tapling and Co., carpet manufacturers; Messrs. W. F. Harris and Co., importers of Utrecht velvet; Messrs. Richard Hellaby and Co., warehousemen; Messrs. Edmonds, Son, and Co., wholesale button manufacturers, and other firms; also the ancient house belonging to the Guild of Haberdashers, which, with the other buildings and the thousands of pounds worth of stock they contained, now present but a mass of ruins, though the newly-built walls in Gresham-street and some of the party walls remain standing. The large establishment of Mr. Hugh Jones, in Wood-street, has also severely suffered.

Fire-engines from nearly all parts of the metropolis arrived on the spot in quick succession, and it is calculated that there could not have been less than twenty steam and manual engines present by three o'clock. Most of these engines continued to work till about eleven o'clock; but all efforts to save the contents of the establishment of Messrs. Tapling from destruction were almost utterly fruitless. Indeed from the beginning, the suddenness of the outbreak, the quick immensity of the conflagration, and the fact of a rather strong breeze prevailing the whole morning, made it a matter of certainty that very little, if any, of the property in this establishment could be saved, so that the continued efforts of the great force of firemen and engines present were more particularly devoted to the prevention of the spreading of the fire and to protecting the adjoining premises. In this they were happily to a great extent successful, for had the fire been allowed to extend itself throughout the narrow thoroughfares that on all sides cluster round the block of buildings in question there is no calculating the amount of damage that would have resulted.

Considering the immensity of the fire, the length of time it was raging—for very nearly twelve hours—and the close proximity of the buildings, Haberdashers' Hall has escaped better than was at first expected. The fine old hall seems to have been the principal seat of the fire. Here everything appears to have been destroyed except a couple of large pictures that still retain their positions at one end of the hall. The best portion of the roof has fallen in, and the floor of this very beautifully-got-up hall is now thickly heaped with the charred, burned remains of its former magnificence. The second hall, or retiring-room, is damaged principally by water. The pictures in this apartment have escaped wonderfully well, but all the magnificent furniture is more or less damaged. One of the grand staircases is also a melancholy wreck. The whole premises, it is said, are fully insured.

The site of Haberdashers' Hall was bequeathed to the company in the year 1478 (17th Edward IV.), and the one which formerly stood upon the inclosure which forms the area of the present fire is described as being very spacious, for in it met the Parliament Commissioners during the Interregnum. The present building (or at least as much of it as remains) was built by Sir Christopher Wren upon a portion of the site of the original building, which was destroyed by the Great Fire of London. This building was of brick—a heavy pile, having no particular pretensions to exterior ornament, but richly fashioned and decorated in the interior. But a short time since, when the premises of Messrs. Tapling and Co. were erected, a handsome gateway and passage leading to the Court-room and back buildings was erected in Gresham-street to harmonise with the new structures, and a handsome pair of iron gates fixed in the new doorway, and the old wall was repaired but not rebuilt. Of these the major part are destroyed. In the hall of the Master and wardens, we understand, there were several admirable paintings by early masters, one especially rare and fine, called "The Wise Men's Offering;" also a small statue of Henry VIII.; several portraits of benefactors to the charities of the company, including one of Robert Aske, who left the guild the munificent sum of £30,000 to build and endow almshouses in Hoxton, considered to be the finest and most comfortably provided of any similar institution in the metropolis. In the chests within the building were the archives of the company—at least those saved at the time of the Great Fire in 1666, including those up to the reign of Charles I., and also a small vellum book of ordinances, in which there is said to be a good illumination of St. Katherine, the patron saint of the haberdashers. In this hall, also, there was a fine portrait of Sir George Whitmore, Lord Mayor of London in 1631, who entertained Charles I. and his Queen in his noble mansion of Baumas, or Balmas, in the Kingsland-road, Hoxton.

It is estimated that the damage done by this conflagration will amount to between £150,000 and £200,000. A large number of workwomen and others will also be thrown out of employment, at least for a time.

OUR FEUILLETON.

LOUIS XIV. AT MARLY.

LOUIS XIV. was determined to become a hermit—that is to say, he was determined to build a hermitage, to which he could retire occasionally when the fatigues and vanities of the Court were more than he could bear. Attended by six of his most devoted courtiers, the "great Monarch" surveyed from the heights of Lucienne the whole of the delightful valley of the Seine. To the east, Argenteuil, Montmorency, and the towers of Paris were seen; on the south lay Versailles and St. Cloud, with their admirable woods; on the north was St. Germain, with its magnificent terraces; the river ran at their feet, and beyond it were Maisons, Chanteloup, &c.; on the west were the marshy valleys of Marly, Mareil, &c.

"Well, Sire," said one of the courtiers, after a pause, "has your Majesty made your choice?"

His Majesty hesitated, turned round three times (as at blind man's bluff), and asked the advice of his attendants.

Most of them were in favour of Lucienne, on account of its elevated position and the admirable view it commanded.

The King shook his head.

"It would cost too much," he observed.

The courtiers smiled with astonishment, as if to say that nothing could cost too much that contributed to the amusement of his Majesty.

"I do not want a palace," continued the King, "nor even a château. What I want is simply a cottage to retire to three or four times in the course of the year; in fact, a hermitage, where I may expiate my sins."

One suggested St. Cloud, another Montmorency; but the King still shook his head and answered, "It would cost too much."

At last, turning towards the west, he pointed to a steeple which rose between two valleys.

"What is that village?" he inquired.

"Marly le Chastel," was the answer.

"Well, Marly pleases me. I will build my cell there."

The greater number of the courtiers lost no time in expatiating on his Majesty's wonderful taste and on their own lamentable blindness. Marly? Why it was the most delightful site in France. How fortunate it was that his Majesty trusted to his own instincts, which were those of a man of genius, instead of listening to the people around him, who, however good their intentions might be, were nevertheless but ordinary men! One however, who happened to be a little less mean than the majority, ventured to suggest that the place might be too insignificant for the important personage who proposed to inhabit it; and another was bold enough to express in so many words what he and all the others thought upon the subject.

"Sire," said this audacious courtier, "you can only build in the valley at the east of the village." Now, this valley is narrow, deep, edged with perpendicular rocks, inaccessible from marshy soil, and shut in on all sides by hills; it is the sewer into which the surrounding villages discharge their filth, and is infested by frogs, toads, adders, and serpents.

"I quite agree with you," replied the King, to the astonishment and discomfiture of his flatterers; "and that is just why I prefer Marly. It will be impossible to spend money in this sewer, which has no view, no water, and no space. I shall only have to clear it out and build a hut there. I am tired of grandeur and crowds, and long for simplicity and solitude."

Then the courtiers recommended their chorus of approbation, but in another key. Marly was now as modest as they had previously declared it to be superb.

The King sent for Mansard, the architect, to consult with him about the projected hermitage. The first day they drew up the plan of a single house, surrounded by a small garden.

The next day it was found necessary to have another building for the apartments of the attendants, together with a guardhouse for the escort.

Soon afterwards it seemed necessary, if the gentlemen of the Court were to be accommodated, to provide accommodation also for the ladies.

But if ladies are to be received, would it not be necessary to amuse them; and how were they to be amused without fêtes? and how were good fêtes to be given without reception-rooms? And where were people to walk if there were no park—a park with plenty of water and fountains, be it understood; for a landscape without water is about as effective as a drawing-room without looking-glasses.

However, once to open a channel to the waters was to open an issue to millions. Louis XIV. hesitated; but Mansard, with his adroit suggestions, at length overcame all the monarch's scruples. The works were stopped ten times by order of the King: but at length he appeared to have made up his mind to ruin, not himself, but his subjects, for Marly, as he had already been ruining them for Versailles.

"We shall want two pavilions," said Mansard.

"Build twelve," replied the King.

"Where shall we put the little chapel?"

"There," replied the King; "but let it be a large one, and we will have another on the other side."

"We must have a basin of water in the garden?"

"Why not several?"

"And fountains?"

"Why, if we are to have water at all, we may as well show that we know what to do with it. Here we will have a fountain sixty feet high; there we will have five other fountains; to the right we must have a cascade."

"That will require a great deal of water."

"Well! Why not turn the river into this avenue?"

"Sire! the river?"

"Certainly. You can easily bring the water to those heights—at all events, it can be done—and from those heights it will fall naturally enough into this valley. I can see it from here. The water runs down the slope. We have a long staircase of a hundred steps, each step forming a cascade. Then what a mass of water we shall have for the grand basin! We must surround it with groups of statuary in bronze and marble."

"Sire, your wishes shall be carried out," said Mansard, who had no objection at the same time to make his own fortune.

The King used frequently to visit Marly when the work of construction was going on, and the inhabitants seem to have made up their minds to profit by his residence among them. On one occasion, St. Simon tells us, Louis was charged a hundred crowns for twelve new-laid eggs. It was just £2 an egg.

When the King heard of this extravagant charge he exclaimed, "These people at Marly are perfect Jews!" Probably it was in honour of the King's very natural observation that the principal street at Marly was soon afterwards named "Rue des Juifs"—Jew-street.

When Marly the "sewer" had been converted into Marly-le-Roi, the new pleasure-palace became the most select of all the Royal residences. A man might have been to Court all his life at Versailles and yet never have entered Marly. To be "of Marly" (*être de Marly*), was to be personally in favour with the Monarch; and even those who were not usually invited there were looked upon with an evil eye by the King, unless they continually asked to be invited. On the eve of the King's departure for his favourite château the courtiers passed before him, bowing and saying merely these words "Sire, Marly." So much the worse for those who did not receive the invitation; but so much by far the worse for those who did not even solicit it.

Let us here recall a few of the more remarkable scenes of which Marly-le-Roi was witness during the visits of Louis XIV. to his favourite retreat.

First there is the anecdote of the rain. A nobleman who had

* The exact words given by St. Simon in his memoirs.

forgotten his cloak was walking with the King when a heavy shower began to fall. Before long the courtier was soaked to the skin; but he continued to walk leisurely and demurely by the side of his Royal master, as though the sky were clear and the sun shining.

"You will get wet," said his Majesty, with unusual compassion. "No, Sire," replied the cloakless one, now thoroughly drenched, "rain does not wet." Hence the modern French proverb, "Rain does not wet at Marly."

One of Louis XIV.'s whims at Marly was to do away with that etiquette which was so formidable a nuisance to all the courtiers, including even the members of the Royal family at Versailles. But so strict was the King in forbidding etiquette of a certain kind, that the trouble of neglecting, or rather of avoiding, it, soon became, to practised courtiers, even greater than that of observing it. At Versailles the courtiers, in their walks with the King, remained uncovered. At Marly they were obliged to keep their hats on. If a courtier omitted to put his hat on when walking with the King at Marly, he incurred his Majesty's displeasure just as surely as he would have done by a contrary proceeding at Versailles. "Le chapeau, Messieurs!" he would say to his favoured attendants, and they understood that etiquette and the absence of etiquette consisted alike in obeying the King's commands with the greatest exactitude.

Sometimes, too, in spite of everything, etiquette—we mean positive etiquette, not that negative kind which was sometimes substituted for it—would make its appearance at Marly. The King seems to have thought that it might be laid aside in small matters, but in affairs of state it must be observed as something sacred.

One morning an officer arrived suddenly at the château, and was recognised by the Guards as the Duke de Villeroy. The excitement caused by this event was prodigious, for it was known that the Duke brought tidings from the seat of war. A great battle had been either won or lost; but in the meanwhile, no one could hear the news until it had been communicated to the King.

And who was to tell the King? The Duke de Villeroy? Etiquette forbid! Chamillart the Minister must tell the King; but Chamillart is absent, and will not return until night. The news is, without doubt, important, and may necessitate immediate measures; but the King can do nothing till Chamillart returns.

And the Duke de Villeroy, in order to guard against the possibility of communicating his information to anyone but the Minister, positively shut himself up in a closet until he came back. All the Court and the King himself were in a state of terrible agitation, but Villeroy held out.

When Chamillart made his appearance, and heard what had taken place, he went to Villeroy in his hiding-place, received the despatches, and carried them to Louis XIV. The battle had been gained.

Does the reader think that Villeroy was punished for keeping the King and the Court in such a state of anxiety? On the contrary, he was appointed Lieutenant-General, partly for the good news he had brought, but principally for his admirable discretion and his strict observance of etiquette.

Sometimes Louis XIV. not only laid etiquette aside, but even forgot the most ordinary courtesy. We will say nothing about the old men of eighty whom, for his own amusement, he forced to dance at the masked balls. But let us see how this Monarch, who affected such a high admiration for the female sex, and who never travelled even on a campaign without having his coach crowded with women—let us see how he behaved to those ladies who had the honour of accompanying him in his excursions to Marly. "The King was fond of fresh air," says St. Simon, "and would have all the windows let down. He would have been very much annoyed if any of the ladies—even a princess of the blood—had drawn a curtain to keep the sun off. They had no right even to notice it. To feel unwell was also a fault which could not be atoned for."

Once, when the Duchess of Burgundy, then on the point of becoming a mother, was travelling to Marly, she met with an accident.

"What does that matter to me?" said the King. "Has she not one child already, and have I not plenty of grandchildren? I shall go and come as I like, whatever doctors and dowagers may say." Such were the advantages of travelling to Marly in company with the "Grand Monarch."

"Even M^{me}. de Maintenon," says St. Simon, "was unable to gain the slightest privilege during these journeys to Marly. Sometimes she was allowed to travel in a carriage by herself, but that was all." She was obliged to keep up with the King; and on one occasion it was thought she would absolutely die from exhaustion on the road.

One of the best stories connected with Marly is that of the financier Samuel Bernard, who played the part of crow to Louis XIV.'s fox. "Bernard," says St. Simon, "was the richest and vainest banker in Europe." He had already lent enormous sums to the King for the war of the Spanish succession when he received a visit from the Comptroller-General Desmarets, who had been applying to the various capitalists of Paris, and had been refused money by all of them. The Minister entered with a smile, and in his most gracious manner asked for eight or ten millions. Bernard frowned, and made a calculation on a piece of paper. He had already lent thirty millions of francs. Desmarets reminded him on his side of what he had gained with the King—that is to say, at least three times what he had lent him.

"If you add these ten other millions," he continued, "you will gain thirty more. I am ashamed to come to you about such a small affair; but times are hard. The war of the succession has quite ruined us."

"And when shall you be able to return the money?" asked Bernard.

"After the occupation of Lisle, which has been besieged since Easter."

"And which will be retaken at the Trinity," replied the financier, with a knowing look.

"Come," said Desmarets, "make it seven millions. We can get the rest from anyone."

But Bernard was determined not to be prevailed on. The King's armies were in a bad position. In vain Desmarets lowered his demands to six and at last to five millions. Bernard would not advance even one. The Comptroller went away completely defeated. The next morning Samuel Bernard received an invitation to Marly. Blinded by his vanity, the financier did not for a moment suspect the trap that was being laid for him. Dressed in brocade and gold, in a magnificent carriage drawn by four of the finest horses in the world, and followed by a numerous retinue of servants, the great banker arrived at Marly. He was received by Desmarets, who saw in a moment that his victim was in a fair way to lose his reason.

"M. Bernard," said the Minister, "I communicated your answer to the King. He regrets to be under the necessity of applying elsewhere for the money, but he wishes to show you that he does not esteem you for your wealth alone."

The financier bowed and declared that his Majesty was too good. Then he dined with the Comptroller-General, who did not utter a single word of reproach, in order to increase the remorse which he had no doubt Bernard would soon feel. Soon afterwards Louis XIV. came out of the Royal pavilion, followed by a crowd of courtiers and noblemen. The Minister lost no time in presenting the capitalist to his Majesty, who, in the words of St. Simon, said that "he was very glad to meet him." This was more than he had ever said to any of the courtiers who were there.

"Monsieur Bernard," said the King, a moment afterwards, "I dare say you have never seen Marly? Come and walk round with me; I will leave you to Desmarets afterwards."

These words so completely dazzled the Parisian Croesus that he was unable to utter a word in reply. Leaning on the Comptroller's arm, he walked at his Majesty's left hand, the place on the right being occupied by the Count de Berghy, Governor of the Low

Countries. The courtiers were envious, indignant, and confused. The King, who understood so well the art of pleasing, though he seldom took the trouble to practise it, exhausted himself in attentions to the wealthy capitalist. He spoke to him oftener than to Berghy himself, pointed to his fishponds, expatiated on the subject of the carp, and entreated the financier to express his opinion candidly about the fountains.

The courtiers were convinced that the visitor was about to be made a noble, previous to his appointment to one of the most important offices of State. As for Bernard himself, all he could do was to whisper to the Minister, "What a monarch, what a hero, what a divinity! How distressed I am to be obliged to refuse him the money!"

"Think no more about it," said Desmarts, to make him think of it all the more.

A few minutes afterwards Louis XIV. let his cane fall into the Basin of the Muses, and begged the financier to get it for him. Bernard was ready to spring into the water like a Newfoundland dog, but he succeeded in fishing up the cane by merely wetting his arm as high as the shoulder.

Desmarts now observed to the King that his friend was too happy to go under water for his Majesty in default of being able to get under fire for his sake. The King was kind enough to be delighted with the *mot*. He pretended to think that it was Bernard's, and assured the financier that his wit was worthy of his wealth.

The fox had now told the crow how beautiful her voice was, and already the cheese was insecure in the silly creature's beak! The banker was as pleased as if the witticism (such as it was) had really been his own, and asked his "friend" whether there was no means of reopening the negotiation about the money.

"Impossible," replied the Minister. "I have already made the application to another person, and I have his word that the money shall be advanced."

Bernard heaved a sigh, and opened his gold snuffbox.

"What an exquisite snuffbox!" exclaimed the King as he took a pinch.

"Desmarts must certainly be presenting his successor to his Majesty," said the courtiers.

"My dear friend," said Bernard to the Comptroller, "you must break off the affair with my rival and take the ten millions from me."

"It is too late," replied Desmarts, sternly.

They had now reached a part of the garden where the courtiers were playing at bowls. The King, who was very fond of the game, began to criticise the play. At last he told Bernard to take a ball, pointing to one that had just been thrown down by a Duke. Bernard hesitated, blushed, took the ball, and hurled it into the midst of a parterre of beautiful flowers.

"How exceedingly polite!" said the King, pretending to think that the financier had been unwilling to win the game against one of the gentlemen of his court.

Bernard was again in a state of ecstasy.

"I will give you eleven millions instead of ten," he exclaimed to Desmarts.

"It is too late, my dear Samuel," said the Comptroller, "you should have told me that yesterday."

The game continued, Bernard still playing. And whenever the King paid a fresh compliment to the financier, the financier offered an additional million to the Comptroller. At last the King took up the capitalist's ball, and, crying out "For Monsieur Bernard," won the game for him with a single throw. No Prince of the Blood had ever received such a mark of attention.

"There can be no doubt about it," murmured the courtiers; "to-morrow he will be a Knight of St. Michael and Minister of Finance."

Bernard, wild with joy and mad with vanity, threw himself at the feet of the Monarch, and afterwards announced to Desmarts that he was ready to lend sixteen millions.

Such was the result of what St. Simon justly calls the prostitution of the King. And what was the effect upon Bernard himself? He was never repaid, and some years afterwards became a bankrupt. And what was the effect upon Bernard's creditors? They were utterly ruined.

COUNTERFEIT COIN.—A few counterfeit sovereigns of rather a dangerous character have within the last week been detected at the Bank counters. They are made of gold, but of an inferior quality, being 2 carats 1½ grains worse than standard gold, of which the genuine sovereigns are made—that is to say, instead of having 9167 parts of pure gold in 10,000, they have only 8138 parts, which makes them only worth about 17s. The coins are new, but seem to have been purposely soiled to give them the appearance of having been worn in circulation. They have more of the greenish-yellow colour of pure gold than the genuine sovereigns, with the exception of the old George and Dragon pieces. All of them are struck from one pair of dies. One of these dies (the reverse) is cracked in two places, and the coins have been touched up by a hand tool after striking in the press; and the effect of the crack, which runs diagonally upwards, through the Scottish quarter of the shield, and through the E of "Regina," is in this way, from some of them, partly removed, although sufficient remains for the purpose of detection. In the Irish quarter the harp is almost erased by this after-manipulation, and the consequent smoothness and want of definition strike the eye at once. The quality of the engraving is coarse, and does not appear to be the work of a person accustomed to engrave coin dies. The lettering particularly is roughly executed by an unpractised hand; yet, after all, the imitation is sufficiently close to deceive only a casual inspection. The sound, which is dull and wants the sharp clink of the true sovereign, is one of the best means of detection to those accustomed to the ring of the genuine metal. It is not apprehended that there are many in circulation, and, indeed, the whole facts point to operations on a limited scale.

THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

ELEVEN A.M.—THE GORDIAN KNOT.

"MERRY as a marriage bell" may be all very well as a poetical expression to which mankind bind themselves, as they always do, to any phrase that has a sonorous ring; but the question is, did anybody ever find himself listening for more than two minutes to a marriage or any other bell, or even to a peal of bells, and not feel himself becoming depressed to the lowest point of human endurance, and with a sense of terrible monotony which could only be equalled by means of staring at the seconds hand of a clock with a very loud tick? None but the most barbarous nations, who go in for noise, retain bells amongst their musical instruments; and surely it is no evidence of our extreme civilisation that we should signalise our festivals by the tedious clangour of instruments which are more properly reserved for funeral ceremonies, where they may be useful to reduce the listener to a sense of the worthlessness of the round of earthly engagements whose unprofitable weariness they seem so aptly to express. Above all, it would seem to be only by a triumph of stern and uncompromising reality that these monstrous sounds should be forced upon the ear of the bride elect upon the very morning which of itself (declarations to the contrary notwithstanding) is one of the most anxious and depressing in a whole life-time. If Whittington really did hear the bells advising him to return to London, they did so only in a jeering iteration which made him desperate; and you may depend upon it that he got up and ran away more for the purpose of getting out of earshot of their jangling torment than in obedience to their insulting admonitions.

What, in effect, do the bells really say to the bride elect on the wedding morning, if they do not remind her of all that she is about to leave—the well-known and long-tried friendships, the tender love, the unremitting care, the very household occupations and domestic mementoes which have become part of her life—to commit herself to the behoofs of one individual, of whom now, at the last moment, she finds that she knows nothing? It is an awful moment that; when, only an hour before she is about to be

tied by a knot which none may loose, she suddenly feels that he, to whom she is to be bound, is so strange. Only last night, when she bade him good-by at the door, and he said that it should not be "good-by," but only good-night, and that for the last time till they were one, only that short time ago, and she felt that they were almost one. And now—now, that the irrevocable vow is so soon to be spoken, the very thought of him seems strange to her; her trust in him a wild unreality, a dream, from which could she but awake, she thinks perhaps, it might be best. What she is leaving she knows, and almost reproaches herself with folly to think how little she has thought of that which is awaiting her.

That man—her husband—the familiar lover of yesterday, the strange person who is to-day coming to fetch her, that he may henceforth rule over her and keep her in subjection (will he? she wonders), how little she really knows of him. He has been and gone a hundred times, and they have met and been "engaged," and have gone hither and thither in company; and yet she has seen only his superficial character, it may be. Now she is to find out what he really is—and what married life is. Dimly, but with increasing distinctness, she begins to perceive that her future life will lie far away from romance; will it also lie away from the tenderness and renewed youth of love? Courtship has been, after all, an illusion; he has often told her so when he urged her to to-day's consummation. Will marriage be but the other extreme—a dreary fulfilment of small daily duties, with a prospect perhaps more sordid for the years that are to follow?

In come the bells with their intrusive boom and clank; there is no change in their interminable ding-dong. "Break-fast, din-ner, tea, and sup-per; butcher, baker, and cheesemonger; gas and coals, and rent and taxes; doctors' bills and servants' wages; dose of rhubarb and magnesia." In such clashing cadence do the metal monsters mark their appreciation of what is in store for her, and not a note of music or of poetry sounds in their dreary clime, until they strive at an extra effect, and all clang together in a jangle which aptly expresses "the house undergoing repair," and ends the performance only that it may begin all over again.

She has been down to breakfast, poor thing, and made a feint of eating a mouthful of toast with her cup of tea, while papa rallied her on her anxious looks as a tear fell upon his own grey whisker. Mamma has given up all pretence of keeping "a straight face," and cries into her very saucer; but she makes something of a breakfast, notwithstanding, and is, on the whole, more self-possessed than her husband—for men, somehow, never quite get to take marriage in the quiet matter-of-fact way that women do; their avocations are so often altered by it, and they are less trained to the even duties and gentle pleasures of home life. For just one moment before she runs away up stairs the intended victim is held in that strong, silent, paternal embrace; and, turning round to look into her mother's eyes, thinks how happy their home has been, and feels just one little ray of hope stealing through the fear and mistrust which have begun to haunt her.

Whatever of these anxieties may remain by the time she reaches that upper sanctuary, where two radiant bridesmaids already await her, they are soon subdued by the great ceremony in which she is the principal performer—not the ceremony of marriage, but that of dressing; for before that Gordian knot shall be tied who knows what dreadful mysteries have to be performed with silk, and lace, and flowers, and all the exquisite devices which are necessary to a bridal toilet?

I have heard of young women whose sole motive for being married has been that they might for once in their lives receive the homage which is always due to, and, it may be hoped, is never withheld from, a bride; and, secondly, that they might revel in the brief delights of that mysterious and enrapturing ordeal which for the time excludes from the female mind every other earthly consideration. Fatigued, but more hopeful and radiant; affectingly depressed, but with a consciousness of inner strength and support derived from the knowledge that cook and housemaid speak truly when they waylay her on the stairs and confirm each other by saying "She do look beautiful, Miss Clara do," she goes down to the drawing-room, where the family already await her. The triumph of her life culminates at the church, when the bridegroom, in an unaccustomed tie and a pair of nervous gloves, is evidently less serenely certain of his personal appearance, and bestows upon her a look of amazed and confiding affection, as who should say, "And is all this for my sake?"—which it isn't, but there's no need to contradict him. The triumph is soon over. At eleven o'clock the finishing touch was put to that enchanting toilet, the last refractory pin was brought to subjection, the last silken knot was tied; and now—well, another knot is tied. Let us hope that it will be silken too, and embroidered with many a precious ornament, for it is a Gordian knot, and though it may be evilly cloven, none shall loose it! The triumph has gone before the solemn reality. Even the great demands of fashion and of dress have sunk into momentary insignificance, and the two reverend gentlemen who have performed the ceremony wait blandly in the vestry till the necessary formalities are completed.

There is no need to describe the breakfast, nor the sudden quietude and gravity—not all unhappy—which have come upon the bride, who seems already to have been separated from the past by a strange change which has removed eleven o'clock far back to some remote period, to which memory will not at present reach. Still, strangely quiet and subdued, she kisses her friends, disencumbers herself of the glorious robes which took so long in making and are the last poor evidence of her late existence, and goes away leaving upon the company that sense of profound melancholy which ends in a futile attempt to keep up a cheerful appearance, and the gradual breaking up of the party, each to finish the day according to his or her own devices, but with an unalterable sense of depression, which is no way diminished by coming into broad daylight in wedding garments, and with faces flushed by the unsubstantial plenty of the wedding feast.

ELEVEN P.M.—LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

One of our greatest poets—or what is practically much the same thing, a gentleman whose admirers always spoke of him as one of our greatest poets—when making a few cursory observations "On Night," declared, in a sufficient number of stanzas, that the period of the twenty-four hours so distinguished was the "time" for so large a range of avocations that "day" was quite superseded, and might have been (except for the lower animals) altogether set at naught until some means could be devised for producing an artificial twilight. Had the writer in question been engaged on any other than grand and sonorous verse, he might have extended his observations to an almost indefinite length by enumerating the many ordinary callings (quite beneath rhapsody) which are commonly followed after sundown. To say nothing of bakers, glassblowers, slaughterers, lighthouse-keepers, cabmen, scavengers, and the police, there are robbery on the highway, the burglarious entrance to dwelling-houses, the manufacture of counterfeit coin, the distillation of illicit spirits, and numerous other professions recognised, though not allowed, by the law.

In one particular, however, the experience of the poet is common to us all; for, notwithstanding that by registrars' returns and statistics derived from bills of mortality we hear of deaths occurring within a given district at the rate of so many a day, it is with night that we associate this great and awful change. It is within the observation of most of us that, should that change for which the watchers are never prepared, fail to come over the still face and stay the labouring breath before the morning dawns, the feeble flutter of the heart, the half-conscious look of the slowly-glazing eye will often last until night settles down once more and mankind sinks to that daily death which prefigures the last deep sleep.

Who, on a journey homeward towards the smaller hours, has not noticed in some deserted street how all the houses save one have lain in deep shadow, their darkened windows looking the more blank for that one upper casement where a light glimmers feebly on the white blind—their doorways falling back dark and cavernous beside that half-lamp gleaming in a yellow haze through the fanlight?

Yet a little longer and shadows come and go upon that white casement, and quiver on the blind as the light is moved towards

the bed, while an indistinct murmur, or perhaps a wild, wailing cry, is heard in the stillness of the night. Now a messenger comes out hurriedly and with a sort of vague, solemn terror in her face, sobbing as she goes at the same swift but uneven pace. She returns with a faded, shabby woman, who brings no hope with her except her own, and that is for a liberal fee or an extra perquisite as she performs the last earthly duty to that which belongs to earth alone.

You have seen enough, so go your way with head bent down and all the merry thoughts that were interrupted in this lonely street removed back to an immeasurable distance, and yet grotesquely chiming in between reflections more serious, like a song-tune haunting you in church. Go your way; for you have no power at present to moralize, or to apply this solemn lesson to any personal account.

It was in just such a street, at that particular hour when night is just shuddering at the approach of morning, and a rim of faintest gray seems to have grown out of the black edge of the horizon, that John Ploggett saw two men come out of the house whose upper window he had been watching for long hours. They crept out, these two, closing the door gently as they looked from side to side, as though they feared that anyone should see. "They've been up to something, I'll take my oath!" said John to himself; "but the question is, what have they been up to?" What they had been up to came out afterwards, and was immediately, not without reason, classed among those things for which night is particularly remarkable.

When old Skindle Harry died, everybody was surprised to find that he had left his property to his niece, Selina Pinchfold, who, having nursed him and borne with his evil temper and been half-starved in return for nearly twenty-seven years, would, it was naturally expected, be provided for either by a legacy of fifty—the more hopeful said a hundred—pounds or seven shillings a week for the rest of her life under certain restrictions, while the bulk of the property—guessed at various amounts—would go to that portion of his family to which he was most inimical during his lifetime. It so happened, however, that old Harry, having been all along susceptible to the unselfish spirit and constant assiduity of the orphan girl who had served him so faithfully, and perhaps wishing at the close of his life to balance his moral ledger by a large sum on the right side in the shape of conscience-money, did will and bequeath, in the presence of Samuel Baker, the local solicitor, and John Ploggett, the barber who had shaved him twice a week for fifteen years, all his real and personal property—after the discharge of his just debts, the decent interment of his body, and the payment of two or three very trifling legacies—to the said Selina Pinchfold, her heirs, administrators, or assigns, all other wills sever to the contrary notwithstanding. The result: that those people in the town who had hitherto looked upon Miss Pinchfold as a "good, tender-hearted creature, too ready to be put upon, and one that didn't know her own vally," came immediately to regard her as "one that could tell which side her bread was buttered, and knew how to come over the old man, sharp as he was."

Amongst the few who did not adopt this opinion was honest John Ploggett, whose hopes were blighted from the moment that he knew the tenour of the document which he had been called in to witness. For ten out of the fifteen years during which he had shaved the uncle his heart had been filled in secret with the image of the niece. From the time when, as a boy, he had begun to lather the faces of the neighbouring farmers who came to the butter-market, or had practised in his spare time upon a wooden block powdered to represent a beard, he had regarded Selina Pinchfold with that half-fanciful but wholly respectful affection of which only men of indoor occupations know the intensity. He had never spoken on the subject, although it was half suspected by some of his most intimate friends, who knew that any more than a distant allusion to the matter would at once forfeit his esteem. But he waited, thinking that perhaps, when old Harry died, Selina might want a faithful friend who had the silent devotion of years to recommend him. He had waited till his once flowing hair had grown grey; till he was conscious that he at least was a little, spare, almost shrivelled, middle-aged country barber; and now here was the end of all his day dreams. Miss Pinchfold was a lady of fortune (he didn't know how much she had), and he would keep his own secret. Who could tell? He might be able to do her a service yet—he might as well wait to the end; and so when the lady went to a quiet street in London, out of hearing of all that people said, and into a very solitary single life, in a shabby-gentle house, with one maid and some of the old furniture (for old Harry hadn't been over rich after all), the little barber's friends buried their confidences, and never referred to his periodical visits to the capital except by a nod of the head, after which his oldest acquaintance, sitting solemnly in the chimney-corner of the parlour at the Bull, would say, "Been to the old spot, John?" when John would say, "I have been to that spot, William."

"Seen nobody particular?"

"No; didn't go for that purpose."

"All the same as usual, John?"

"Things is in *statu quo*, William, I'm happy to say."

And so the conversation terminated, all the three intimate friends knowing that he had been to London to look at the outside of Miss Pinchfold's house, and, after much waiting and hesitation, to knock at the door that he might ask the servant whether her mistress was well, "to give his best duty, and to say that he took the liberty, being in town, on business, to inquire after her health."

Nobody ever referred in any other way than this to these mysterious excursions; and the inquiries always ended by John's oldest friend taking up his glass and saying, solemnly, "John Ploggett, here's your very good health, as a man that knows his own mind!" which was accepted as a neat and delicate way of turning the conversation.

Amongst the many who thoroughly believed in the art with which Miss Pinchfold had secured the old man's property to herself was her nephew, the son of an elder sister who had married into that part of the Harry family so hateful to the uncle. He believed it, but, at the same time, suddenly became impressed with a sense of his relationship, and was assiduous in his attentions, from which, even more than from unneighbourly remarks, the middle-aged heiress was glad to escape to London. That she did escape was exceedingly doubtful to anybody who knew how extravagant, how haughty, and how unscrupulous, was her younger relative, and doubly doubtful to John Ploggett, who, as he stood wrapped in his short blue cape with the sealskin collar watching the house, would often see this nephew coming or going, and on one occasion stumbled over him as he came down the steps, whereupon a recognition ensued, and the young man, asking John what the Devil he wanted? had for reply "Not what you're after," and got a scowl and a curse, "for which," said the barber, "Heaven send I mayn't have the shaving of him!"

Fancy John Ploggett's feelings, when one day after he had summoned courage to knock at the door the maid-servant (who had perhaps guessed something of his secret, and pitied him with a maid-servant's sympathy for the tender and the romantic) asked him to walk up stairs, as her "missis" wanted to speak to him! Was it to tell him to call no more? Any other and less unfavourable supposition was impossible, unless there was by any remote possibility a service in which he, John Ploggett, could be useful to her. He was not a little shocked when he entered and saw her sitting in an invalid chair; shocked to see her so old, and white, and thin, and to note the grey hairs under her neat cap-border, the bony arm scarcely concealed by the sleeve of her silk dress. Poor John! he had for a moment forgotten all the years that had crept past since he was a flaky-haired young apprentice, and as he looked at her two great tears ran down his face and fell upon the sealskin collar of his blue cloak. The interview was short enough. "Was Mr. Baker, solicitor, still alive and in the old town?" "Yes; alive, and hale as ever."

"Would he take a letter to him if he was going back next day, and give it into his own hand?"

That was all; and, after touching the tips of those thin, white fingers, the barber went his way. What was his surprise when,



ELEVEN A.M.: THE GORDIAN KNOT.

after uneasily reading the letter he brought, Mr. Baker said, "Ploggett, you must come back again with me at once. You were witness of the old man's will, you know; and I know nobody better as a witness to the niece's." They went; and all through that terrible ordeal of witnessing *her* will—her last will and testament—and he, with half a lifetime of love for her buried deep down in his secret heart—John Ploggett bore himself like one in a sad and solemn dream. Then he went back, and, in answer to the usual question of his most intimate, replied, "I *have*, William, seen a certain deeply respected individual, and have done that as I did for her uncle that's no more."

Whereupon William said, taking up his glass, "Here's to your very good health, John Ploggett, as a man that knows his own mind and is ever ready."

He continued his journey to London, but knocked less frequently, and never saw Miss Pinchfold, who was, the servant assured him, quite an invalid; "and no wonder," she added one day, significantly, and with a burst of tears, "for that precious nephew of hers, he worry her out of her life, he do, acomin' at all hours." Honest John could do nothing to prevent this, but he took to watching the house with some vague impression that he was a protection to its mistress; watched sometimes for a whole afternoon, and stayed under the shadow of a gateway till past midnight, wrapped in his scanty blue cloak. On the last night of his watch he saw strange shadows come and go on that white blind, where he had been used to trace only the form of the sick-nurse or the doctor. The poor lady was dying, he knew that; the doctor had told him so, and had said that any sudden shock might kill her in a moment.

This very night that moment had come; for, as he stood there looking up, he heard a woman crying, and presently the maid came to the street door as though she opened it for air, and stood there fanning herself with her apron.

"Just dead," she sobbed, in answer to John's question, "dead this very minute. I knew they'd do it with their worry." Almost before he had regained his customary waiting-place, *they* came out and the neighbouring



ELEVEN P.M.: THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

church clock struck *eleven*. He knew them both—the nephew and Mr. Baker's new clerk—whom he had met that morning in the market as he was going to the railway station. Neither of them saw him, but went at a rapid pace up the street and hailed a hansom cab that happened to be passing. The little barber felt, as he said afterwards, a presentiment that they mustn't escape him, and at once gave chase. A momentary block in the streets, and he was behind the cab pulling the driver's skirt.

"Lookee here!" he gasped; "a sovereign to let me get up by the side of you. I aint very big."

The man was no fool. "Up you come, then!" said he, grasping the hand with the sovereign in it. John Ploggett leant forward and listened. The two passengers were talking loud, as people must talk in a hansom, so he opened the little trapdoor at the top and listened harder than ever. He heard enough for his purpose then, but he never left them till they went into a private house, a lodging-house in a West-end-street; then he sat down on the doorstep, satisfied that they hadn't seen him.

Two hours he waited there, and then they came out and took another cab—a four-wheeler this time—and John hung on behind all the way back to where Miss Pinchfold had lived till eleven o'clock that night. The chimneys rang out half-past one as they went in, and till daylight the little barber kept watch outside that he might dog them back again to the very market-place of his own town, guessing that the black bag they carried contained a will witnessed two hours after the death of the testatrix, and signed with her dead hand.

It all came out afterwards at the trial, for the lawyer's clerk confessed, and both conspirators stayed long enough in one of her Majesty's prisons to learn the whole art of weaving calico; while the money went by the real will to the poor branch of the Harpy family.

"John Ploggett," said the most intimate, on the first night that the poor little barber went to the Bull in deep mourning, "here's to your very good health, as a man that knows his own mind and understands how to carry it out."

T. A.

STATUE OF SIR G. C. LEWIS AT HEREFORD.

THE statue of the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, recently inaugurated at Hereford, and of which we this week publish an engraving, is, as we have before stated, the work of Baron Marochetti. The base consists of a block of unpolished Pearlyn granite, on which rests a moulded polished pedestal, surmounted by the statue. The figure of Sir George is cast in bronze, and is 7ft. 6in. high. He is represented as standing, with his arms folded upon his breast, and the likeness is said to be admirable. The total height of the memorial is 14ft. The pedestal bears the following inscription:—"Sir George Cornwall Lewis, a wise and honest statesman, a profound scholar, a kind and firm friend; M.P. for the county of Hereford from 1817 to 1852; chief steward of the city; Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1855 to 1858; Home Secretary from 1859 to 1860; Secretary of War from 1860 to 1860. Born, 1806; died, 1863."

ANCIENT FINGER-RINGS.

FROM the most remote periods and amongst all the civilized nations of antiquity the ring has been considered by rulers as a badge of authority, and has been, and still is, made the means of transferring power.

Many very ancient rings have been found in England, and amongst them several of Roman date. The custom of wearing finger-rings by the Romans is said to have been introduced through the Samnites, who are described by Livy as wearing gold rings enriched with gems. Some writers, however, state that the Romans adopted the custom in imitation of the Etrurians, in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus. The earliest Roman rings were always made of iron, and bore a stamp or device intended to be used as a seal; and up to the end of the Republic the ancient iron ring was still worn by those who affected to condemn modern luxury as an innovation. Eventually, however, legal restrictions were promulgated concerning the right to wear a gold signet; for not only all patricians had taken to wearing gold signet-rings, but the equites also and other classes soon followed their example. The Emperors assumed the power of granting the privilege to wear a gold ring; and this license was much coveted, as it was a sort of patent right to the rank of nobility. At a later period, when the army became a power in the State, and the Praetorian Guard frequently elected the Emperor, the privilege of wearing a gold ring was granted to all soldiers. The keeping of the Imperial ring was confided to a high officer of State, as the Great Seal with us is placed in the custody of the Lord Chancellor. The designs on Roman signet-rings were generally subjects connected with the worship of the gods, or portraits of friends or ancestors; and, in many instances, persons had engraved on their seal-rings symbolical allusions to the supposed origin and history of their families. The seal-ring of the Dictator Sulla bore for device the figure of Jugurtha at the moment of his being made prisoner. Pompey used a seal-ring which bore three trophies, in allusion to his three greatest victories. Augustus first sealed with a sphinx, then with a portrait of Alexander the Great, and lastly with his own portrait.

In the Anglo-Saxon times the art of engraving and working in gold was carried to a great degree of perfection, as may be seen by the examples which we have engraved.

Rings for the cure of various disorders were in much use, both finger and thumb rings being worn for the purpose of curing cramp, rheumatism, ague, &c. Many of these were made of the cheapest materials, so that they might be sold to the poorer and more ignorant classes. In Mr. Waterton's collection there is a ring of horn or of hoof, surrounded by a thin hoop of silver, and with a plate of silver affixed, in which is set crepandine, or toadstone. A ring of the hoof of an ass was held to be efficacious against epilepsy. It was formerly a common belief that a stone which had peculiar virtues was to be found in the head of the toad; and although this superstition is now known to be without foundation, it may be worth while to give the following description of the "crepandine" by Nichols, in his "Lapidary":—"Some say this stone is found in the head of an old toad; others say that the old toad must be laid upon a cloth that is red, and it will belch it up, or otherwise not. You may give a like credit to both these reports; for as little truth is to be found in them as may possible be. Witness Anselmus Boetius, in lib. ii., in the chapter on this stone, who saith, that, to try this experiment in his youth, he took an old toad and laid it upon a red cloth, and watched it a whole night to see it belch up its stone; but, after his long and tedious watchful expectation, he found the old toad in the same posture to gratify the great pangs of his whole night's restlessness."



STATUE OF THE LATE SIR G. C. LEWIS, BART., ERECTED AT HEREFORD.—(BARON MAROCHETTI, SCULPTOR.)

Besides the rings for the cure of diseases, there were magic and talismanic rings, on many of which were engraved hieroglyphic, runic, and other inscriptions. These, for the most part, cannot be intelligibly deciphered, and probably their meaning could not have been explained by the ancient artists who executed them. Magic and rings became closely interwoven in the latter times of

Grecian independence; and magic rings, made of wood, bone, or some other cheap material, were manufactured in large numbers at Athens, and could be purchased, endowed with any kind of charm required, for the small consideration of a single drachma. There were also rings which were supposed to have power as antidotes to poison, or as a means of detecting the admixture of poisonous ingredients.

In connection with wedding and betrothal rings, it may be mentioned that it was customary for the gentleman as well as the lady to have a ring provided for the wedding-day. The ring (25) is a wedding-ring which was worn by Sir Thomas Gresham, the magnificent London merchant, and founder of the first Royal Exchange.

Rings of gold—some of them of costly workmanship—have been found in the graves of the higher order of ecclesiastics. On opening the coffin of St. Cuthbert, in Durham Cathedral, a ring, portions of a pastoral staff, and some other matters, were discovered. The ring of John Stanbery, created Bishop of Hereford in 1455, who died 1474, is enriched with chased flowers, set with a sapphire, and inscribed within "en bon an." The ring in connection with clerical dignitaries denoted that they were wedded to the Church. We have engraved the ring of an English bishop (6 and 9), which is over 1000 years old.

On the occasion of the coronation of kings or queens the consecration and placing of a ring upon the finger forms an important part of the ceremonial. The English coronation ring, which is of very great antiquity, may be seen amongst the regalia in the Tower.

Decade-rings, three of which are engraved (Nos. 20, 21, 22), are furnished with ten, eleven, and twelve bosses. These have been used to serve a similar purpose as the beads of a rosary.

The serjeant's ring (24) is a curious relic of an old custom which seems now to have gone out of use. This one seems to be of the date of about the middle of the last century. It is probable that, formerly, it had been customary for barristers, at the time of their taking the coil and being elevated to the rank of serjeants-at-law, to make presents in money to certain members of their "inn" and to some functionaries of the courts of justice. This, in time, became exchanged for finger-rings of gold, which are inscribed in various ways. The weight of the relic now mentioned is 35 grains.

In the British Museum there is a large collection of brass signet rings, which have been used by merchants and other traders. The example engraved was found in the Duke of Bridgewater's canal at Chiswick. Some of these rings are very curious, and may probably have belonged to persons eminent in connection with the mercantile transactions of old London.

After the execution of King Charles I., a vast number of memorials of the tragical event were prepared and circulated amongst Royalists. Some of these are rings, lockets, and other personal ornaments. The Engravings 28, 29, 30, 31 may serve as examples of these. From that time to the present day mourning-rings, which are mostly composed of jet and gold, with the name and date of the death of a friend engraved within the hoop, and the words "In memory of" on the outer part, have been commonly in use.

It was once a common practice to inscribe mottoes on rings. We meet with many of these in Latin, French, German, and in quaint old English. Many of these had a kindly and affectionate meaning. Some "poseys" were short poetical lines. The following, by Herrick, although somewhat too long for the purpose, is well conceived:—

And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flay or else to sever,
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever.

In the days gone by it was as common to have a motto on wedding and other rings as it was and is now to have verses on gravestones. It is recorded of an English bishop that when about to marry his fourth wife he had a ring prepared to commemorate the occasion, and on being asked by the goldsmith what posey he would choose, wrote—

If I survive
I'll make them five.

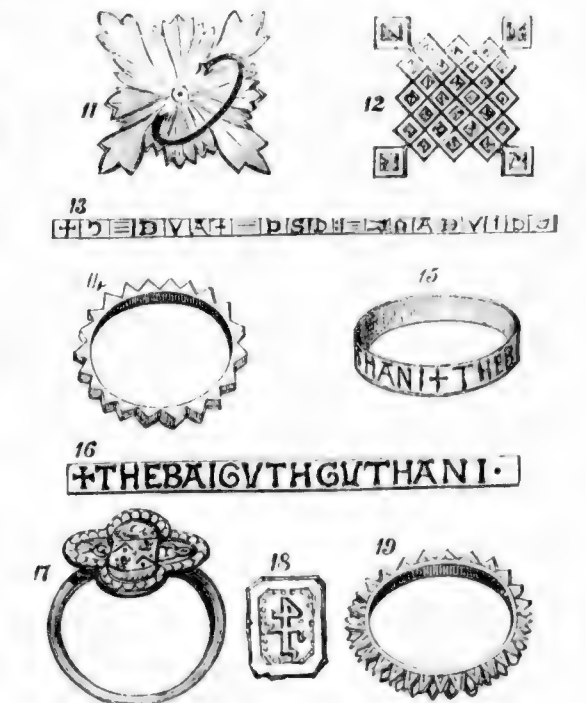
And it is noted that in the time of the long French war one of Nelson's men who had received a considerable sum for pay and prize-money invested part in the purchase of a ring, on which he had inscribed

When money's low,
The ring must go.

In connection with the jewels set in rings, there was an expressive meaning in the quality of the stones used; thus, the diamond in the wedding-ring of Martin Luther was considered to emblemise



1. Bronze Roman key, found at Chesterfield, now in Lord Braybrook's Collection.
2. Bronze Roman ring, with a fictitious gem, found at Chesterfield.
3. Gold Roman ring.
4. Impress of a gold Anglo-Saxon signet, on which is the bust of a man, and the name, "Averil."
5. Ring of Ethelwolf (Anglo-Saxon), now in the British Museum.
6. Inscription on an Anglo-Saxon ring of the name "Alhstan," the letter N being represented by a Rune. This is supposed to have been the ring of Alhstan, who was Bishop of Sherborne from A.D. 823 to 867. (A representation of this ring—fig. 9—is given below.)



7. Anglo-Saxon ring, with two impresses.
8. Silver ring of Anglo-Saxon date.
9. Ring of the Bishop of Sherborne. (See reference 6.)
10. Ornamentation of North Saxon lacertine work of the eleventh century. This ring, which is silver, was found in the Thames at Chelsea, in 1856, and is now in the collection of Mr. Waterton.
- 11 and 12. Gold ring of ancient date, set with jewels, found in Ireland.
- 13 and 14. Gold talismanic ring with characters engraved upon it, now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland.
- 15 and 16. Talismanic ring and inscription.
17. Silver ring, the impress bearing a coat of arms.
18. Impress of a merchant's mark on a brass signet-ring.
19. Richly-ornamented finger-ring, date uncertain.
20. Decade-ring, the ten bosses indicate ten Aves.
21. Decade-ring, with eleven bosses, which indicate ten Aves and a Paternoster.
22. Decade-ring, with twelve bosses.
23. Gold enamelled ring of the sixteenth century, set with a turquoise and surrounded by garnets.
24. A serjeant's ring, with the inscription "Imperio regit unus aquo."

EXAMPLES OF ANCIENT FINGER-RINGS.



25. Sir Thomas Gresham's wedding-ring.
- 26, 27. Charin-rings.
28. Impress of a mourning-ring in memory of Charles I.'s execution; on it are the emblems of mortality, and the words "Behold the end!"
29. Mourning-ring in memory of Charles I.
30. Device on a mourning-ring, consisting of a skull and crossbones, the initials "C. R.," and January 30, the date of King Charles II.'s death.
31. Mourning-ring in memory of Charles I.; inside the rim is the word "Remember."

power, duration, and fidelity; in this stone are the initials of Luther, and adjoining is a ruby, on which is cut the initials of his wife; the ruby was considered the emblem of exalted love.

The custom, now so general, of using a plain gold ring at marriages, is not of older date than about the beginning of the reign of George III. At no time do the English finger-rings seem to have been so elaborate in their workmanship, or so artistic in their design: as those which were in use in Italy, Germany, and France in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And on this point Mr. H. N. Humphreys remarks that, so completely is the art of ring-jewellery forgotten, it is now sought to give a poetic sentiment to the very defects which mark the degradation of the art, even in the unwrought and unmeaning wedding-ring of our day, a merit being attached to its absolute want of any characteristic features whatever, by calling it the "plain" gold ring.

In the old times artists of great ability were employed in the design and manufacture of finger-rings. Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated Italian sculptor, jeweller, architect, and painter, brought the devices of the ring, the brooch, and the ear-ring to a degree of elaboration and perfection never attained in the whole range of classic art; the quaint conceits of the devices, the effects produced and sentiments conveyed by the juxtaposition of various gems, and the introduction of mottoes exquisitely written on waving scrolls, produced a pleasing intricacy of design full of meaning. Other famed painters might be mentioned who have devoted their talent to the design and manufacture of goldsmiths' work, and we trust that in these days of advanced taste such attention will be paid to this matter that marked improvement may be the consequence.

COMPULSORY RELIGION.—A gentleman having failed to attend the church of Ragel, Tyrol, the Curé issued the following order, which was countersigned by the Mayor:—"As it is known that Mr. N. has not come to church for a long time, you are directed to go to his house and to bring him to church. If he should resist, you will call in the assistance of two others and bring him there by force. Having come into the church, you will sit near him. Should he feign illness and fall down, you will allow him to remain on the floor; but if he makes any noise, bestow upon him, by way of cure, from ten to twelve blows of a stick. Ragel, May, 1864."

A VETERAN.—The oldest officer of the French army is at present Colonel Dubois-Fresney, Knight of St. Louis, and Commander of the Legion of Honour. He was born on the 2nd of August, 1758, and is consequently above 106 years of age. He resides at Laval. For some years he has been quite blind, but he retains all his mental faculties, and takes great interest in all passing events. He has his journal read to him every day, and converses gaily with the persons who visit him. The venerable Colonel's eldest son, Colonel of Engineers, is second in command at the artillery school of Metz.—*Galignani.*

A STORY ABOUT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—An anecdote has appeared in several of the London papers relating to a meeting of the British Association at Bath some years ago. The geological section (said the writer of this piece of news), consisting of about a hundred ladies and gentlemen, made an excursion to inspect some objects of interest in the neighbourhood. Arrived at the spot, Professor Phillips, of Oxford, described the chief feature worthy of notice. The proceedings of the section were altogether unintelligible to the natives; and one bucolic individual, who had, with many others, followed the party to the spot, was overheard to express his disappointment to a friend as follows:—"Come along, Jim; the ring's broken up, and there won't be no fight, arter all!"

EXPLOSION IN A LETTER.—One morning last week, as a clerk in the Oxford post office was engaged in the ordinary duty of stamping the letters which had just arrived by the mail, he was alarmed by a loud explosion, resembling that of a gun, taking place in one of the letters. The room was immediately filled with smoke, and great consternation was of course produced amongst the employees until the cause of the explosion was ascertained. It appears that one of the letters contained a large number of caps made of gunpowder, and that the operation of stamping caused about twenty of them to explode. The clerk was slightly burnt about his hand and arm, but, beyond this, no injury, fortunately, has been done. The Post-Office authorities have instituted an investigation into the affair.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN SPEKE.—We deeply regret to announce the untimely death of Captain Speke, the discoverer of the sources of the Nile, and one of the greatest and most successful of modern travellers. On Thursday week the gallant gentleman, accompanied by a friend, was out shooting in the neighbourhood of Chippenham, when in getting over a low wall he accidentally shot himself. That the hero of so many adventures and hairbreadth escapes should perish by so miserable an accident is as strange as it is deplorable. By the death of Captain Speke geographical science has lost one of its noblest ornaments, and the world one of its real benefactors. Captain Speke was to have attended the meeting of the British Association on Friday to meet sundry charges brought against him by his old comrade Captain Burton, who, it is understood, came home specially to disprove assertions made by Sir Roderick Murchison, the association passed the following resolution:—"That the geographers and ethnologists of the British Association, having heard with profound regret of the fatal accident which has befallen Captain Speke and by which they have suddenly lost so eminent an associate, resolve that their most heartfelt condolence be offered to his relatives on his being cut off in so awful a manner in the fulness of his strength and vigour."

IMPORTANT LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—The new life-boat stationed at Blackpool by the National Life-boat Institution, a few weeks since, was launched on Sunday morning last, amidst the cheers of an immense concourse of spectators, to the assistance of a brig, which was in a dangerous position on the Crusader sandbank. The wind was blowing fiercely from W.S.W., and a very high sea was rolling at the time, and the boat had to contend with a heavy surf; but she behaved admirably, and, through the exertions of her gallant crew, was got successfully into deep water, amid the reiterated cheers of the lookers-on. On reaching the vessel, the life-boat put a man on board from a sailing-boat, just as the brig had parted her cables; and the vessel, which proved to be the St. Michael, of Havre, bound to Fleetwood, then proceeded to her destination. The captain was in ignorance of the coast he had reached. The life-boat's crew were heartily welcomed, on their return, by the vast multitude of people that had congregated—numbering not less than 10,000. This is the first service performed by the life-boat since she was placed here in July last. Her cost was presented to the Institution in memory of the late R. W. Hopkins, Esq., by his widow and daughter. A few days since the life-boat presented to the National Life-boat Institution by Messrs. Crossley and Sons, of Halifax, and stationed at Redcar, was publicly launched at that place, under the superintendence of Captain D. Robertson, R.N., the assistant inspector of life-boats of that society. The boat was named on the occasion the Crossley, by Miss Susan Orley, of Redcar. The new life-boat, which is on the Institution's self-righting principle, has been sent to replace an old boat at Redcar, which was built, in the year 1802, on the original Greathed or north-country model, and which was the oldest in the United Kingdom, and is now quite worn out.

THE CROPS AND THE ARMIES OF THE SOUTH.—The *Richmond Examiner* of the 1st inst. has an elaborate editorial article to prove that the South is very far from exhaustion. It says:—"The crops of 1864, which are to supply subsistence for the next twelve months, are unusually good. Certain localities have suffered from drought, but this evil has been partial only. As a general rule, the crops of 1864 are better than those of 1863 and promise abundant bread for another year. There has, in fact, never been any lack of quantity. The difficulty was in distribution. But our railroads have held out wonderfully well. Their own officers have been surprised at the facility with which they have been able to keep them up. We are better prepared to maintain our railroad system at this hour than we were eighteen months ago. Every month increases our capacity to improve and maintain these essential public works. Necessity has proved in this matter the mother of invention. The people have found that they could live luxuriously upon a quantity of supplies which they would have considered four years ago approximate to starvation; and great manufacturing enterprises have been improvised without trouble, while everybody in the South thought beyond our capacity to accomplish, even in the time of peace. Nor are our armies so nearly destroyed as the enemy persuades himself. That of Northern Virginia is stronger now than when Grant began the battles of the Wilderness. We have lost few in killed, and the wounded are nearly all recovered and returned to their places. In general the army grows stronger rather than weaker, for the boys attending to the military accounts number the killed and the discharged old men. The progress of active operations thins our ranks, but a lull of the strife recuperates the disabled and restores the strength of the ranks. The Confederacy is immeasurably stronger on this 1st of September, 1864, than it was on the 1st of May, 1862 or 1863. It can place as many men in the field, and each man is a veteran, when before he was a raw recruit. The Yankees may as well dismiss their pleasing visions of Southern exhaustion. It was this very mistake which lured them into the war; and the same delusion has been the cause of all their disappointments. If they determine to carry on the war they must treat themselves like men to the real fact that they will have to encounter great armies, well supplied, thoroughly armed, and brave as any that ever trod a field of battle. The cowardly idea that the rebellion is exhausted, and that their further operations will be feebly resisted, will bring them to grief. The South has fought Lincoln for one term successfully. If they can resist him she can fight him another term still more successfully. There is no thought of submission, nor any fear of a lapse here; and the North would meet in the fall of 1868 the same spirit which they encountered at the outset of the struggle at Bull Run."

Literature.

The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. With a Memoir, by the Rev. DERWENT COLERIDGE. 2 vols. E. Moxon and Co.

The publication of this beautiful book seems to be in part an act of domestic piety. Mr. Praed's poems were after his death prepared for publication by his widow, and were to have been carried through the press, at her request, by the gentleman who now edits them and writes the introductory memoir. Upon the death of Mrs. Praed—the "HELEN" of some of the poems in these volumes—the task is taken up by the daughters; and the result is before us.

We may, in starting, caution hasty people against supposing that the engraved portrait of Praed prefixed to the first volume really represents him. It seems to be the same as that which is known to students of print-shops as one of a series of portraits of famous members of the Athenæum Club, and must be taken simply as a suggestion of what Praed's face really was. You must make a likeness for yourself, using that as raw material.

Altogether, the memoir does not add very much to our previous knowledge of Praed. He was a gentleman by birth and education. All the circumstances of his life appear to have been favourable (except his health) from the day when his father first took his intellectual culture in hand to the Eton days—to the college days, when he played chess with Pusey—to the days when he entered upon political life—to the days when Peel and Wellington gave him a minor post in the Government; and, indeed, up to the time of his death. High hopes seem to have been entertained of him as a statesman on the Conservative side; and he does really appear to have suggested a scheme, for the representation of minorities, which might have been of use. He is said to have been, when quite young, on the Liberal side; but it was a matter of course that he should end as a Tory. All cynical people, whatever the quality of their cynicism, must be on the side of power. They all gravitate towards Conservatism. The sceptic, bitter or not bitter, is sure to be found clinging at last to Authority. He must lean to Despotism in Church and State. In politics he will incline to Absolutism; in religion to Popery or High Churchism.

When long-continued bad health cut off Winthrop Mackworth Praed in his thirty-seventh year (the dangerous year for fine temperaments in general) he had hardly begun to take things very much *au sérieux*. It is doubtful, indeed, if anything would ever have made him do it. There is no trace of intensity in his writings, and the ease with which his mind turned to almost any topic and wrote clever things about it is a strong presumption against the existence of a central fire in the man. But who can tell? A great musician said of a great lady singer, we forget who, that she wanted intensity—"I wish I were young and single, I would woo her. I would make her marry me. I would maltreat her. I would break her heart, and in six months she would be the finest singer in the world." Who can tell what a broken heart might have done with the delicate and subtle nature of Praed? He appears, however, to have been exceedingly happy in all his relations, social and domestic.

The facts of the literary life of this prince of drawing-room and boudoir poets have been told, over and over again, in general terms by Mr. Charles Knight. We know all about his connection with the *Etonian*, and *Knight's Quarterly*, and young Macaulay, and Moultrie, and Sidney Walker, and the rest of it. In the same way, and by the same means, we are all familiar with those exquisite poems of society, "Quince," "The Vicar," and others. Then there are the "Chant of the Brazen Head," "The Red Fisherman," and a few others, which are as well known as Poe's "Raven." The majority of the contents of these two volumes, however, is entirely new to the general reader; and we can hardly conceive more delightful reading than some of the longer stories which they contain—such as "Lilian," "The Troubadour," and "The Legend of the Drachenfels." When we say this we, of course, speak with an eye to the relaxed moods of grave and energetic minds and the ordinary moods of holiday makers—to whom may be added the general run of sweethearts and young folks. Mr. Praed may be said to have written for lovers under thirty years of age, who do not care for such poetry as Mr. Tennyson's.

Praed reminds you of Moore, of Hood, of Ingoldsby, of Edgar Poe, of Oliver Wendell Holmes—of the last-named gentleman most of all—and yet he is very unlike either. His worst fault is that he is too clever. He wants the "retarding art." He cannot deny himself. His writing has too many "points." If a smart "turn" suggests itself to his mind, off he goes at a tangent, though it is often a "turn" not worth his while. You constantly feel, while reading him, that if he had been a stronger man he would very often have "kept up" longer in his graver vein with great advantage. In one particular class of poem he was faultless. Give him a character like that of Arthur Donnithorne's uncle (in "Adam Bede"), or Mr. Gilfil ("Scenes and Stories of Clerical Life"), and he would hit it off in the most exquisite manner, without a touch too many or too few. Hence we have "Quince" and "The Vicar." A certain well-kept gentility, that looks up its "romance" (if it ever had any) in lavender in an old escutcheon; with a kind heart, not fussy, a good constitution, and the least little touch of oddity—that was his delight. What he did in that way was absolutely perfect, and will live as long as modern types of humanity are at all legible to distant generations. If Horace had worn a swallow-tail in Praed's days he might have written such verses; but he would not have written them so well.

A strong word of praise must be given by an honest critic to Praed's versification: it is very finished work; exquisite enamelling of the kind. Now and then we have most charming descriptive passages; and never anything to offend the nicest sense of "propriety." This is "the fine Gawain" writing verses; and what a "perfect gentleman" he is! As for his cynicism, it is of the most innocent kind; or rather of the least noxious kind, for all cynicism does some harm. Here, you perceive, is a man of a mind acute enough to see the incongruity which exists between the trivialities of living and the infinities of Life, but without the strength and patience to track the incongruity to its origin. So the perception plays over the surface of his thoughts, and you have the most musical, the most delicate, the most good-natured, the most playful, the most innocent of poet-cynics—and his name is Praed.

We need not say we warmly commend the book to book-buyers of all classes. Praed is a type by himself, and no library is complete without his works. Certainly, if any library in England misses this handsome edition, it goes without an ornament that it might be proud of.

We have received a letter from Greenwich, signed "Dreadnought," objecting to Mr. C. Piazzi Smith being styled "Astronomer-Royal for Scotland," because, says "Dreadnought," there is "no Astronomer-Royal in the three kingdoms but the gentleman at the head of the national observatory here." All we can say on this matter is, that we did not bestow the designation referred to on Mr. Smith; that gentleman so styles himself on the titlepage of his book, and, we presume, has a sufficient warrant for the deed.

THE POPE AND POLAND.—The Pope has addressed an encyclical letter to the Polish bishops, stigmatising the Russian Government for its persecution of the Catholic Church and arraigning it before Heaven and earth for its cruelties and excesses. The Pope also censures the confiscations and banishments carried out in Poland, and especially the treatment of the Archbishop of Warsaw. At the same time He Nonno does not fail to condemn the revolutionary movement in Poland, and he reminds the Catholics of their duty to obey all civil authorities.

WHICH WAS THE GAINER?—The inhabitants of Cavallion, a town in the Vaucluse, celebrated for its melons, having formed the project of founding a public library, wrote to M. Alexandre Dumas to ask him to aid them by a present of a few of his works. The popular novelist wrote back to say that he had given instructions for the 200 or 300 volumes of his works which have already appeared as a reprint to be sent to them; but that, if they liked his books, he also was fond of their melons, and that, in exchange, he desired to have constituted to him regularly by municipal decree a lifetime of one dozen melons a year, the expense of carriage to remain at his charge.

THE HISTORY OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

WHILE Hood was composing "The Song of the Shirt" and painting with the tints of despair the poor sempstress slaving in her garret, a mechanic, almost equally poverty-stricken, was working out in an American garret the means of her emancipation. "In poverty, hunger, and dirt," Elias Howe, a native of Massachusetts, surrounded by a young family for whom he was obliged to labour during the day, devoted his after hours to the construction of a sewing-machine. This was about the year 1841, and his career since that period up to the present time affords an episode in the annals of intelligent labour pregnant with incidents and chequered with lights and shades, which afford only another instance of the old saying that "fact is stranger than fiction." After incessant labour, during the latter part of which he and his family were indebted to a friend for the means of existence, he completed the first working sewing-machine, the patent for which was granted to him in May, 1841. Singularly enough, the American public did not see the merit of the invention, and poor Howe, after making over one half of his patent to his friend for the assistance afforded to him, determined to try his fortunes with his machine in England, acting in the belief that a man is no prophet in his own country. It would appear, however, that he was treated only as a minor one in this, for after attempting in vain to get his invention favourably appreciated in London without effect, he was at last constrained to sell his patent, and the machine itself, to Mr. Thomas, of Cheapside, who immediately saw the applicability of the machine to his own manufacture—that of stay and corset making. The sum of £250 was all that Howe got for his incomparable invention (the purchaser paying the expenses of procuring the English patent), which was destined to make the fortunes of thousands and to confer a benefit upon large classes of the people scarcely second to any that has appeared during the present century. Finding that he could do no good for himself in this country, and falling into bitter poverty, he determined to return to New York, and when he did so he had the mortification of finding that in his absence his patent rights had been infringed and his invention pirated by wealthy people, who were determined to throw the whole weight of their means into the scale in fighting Howe's right to his own invention in a court of law. The trial which followed demonstrated in the clearest manner that to Howe, and to him alone, belonged the credit of inventing the first sewing-machine. Others, it is true, had tried to do what he had accomplished, but failed; and an Englishman may fairly take the credit of going within an ace of the invention without knowing how near he was to fame and fortune. We allude to the machine invented by Mr. John Fisher, of Nottingham, for the purpose of ornamenting lace, and patented in June, 1845, a year previously to that of Howe's. This machine did, indeed, interlock threads in the same manner as Howe's, by means of an eye-pointed needle carrying a loop of thread through the material, which was traversed and fastened on the under side by a shuttle; but here the similarity between the two inventions ended. Mr. Fisher was intent upon a lace-embroiderer, which he accomplished in a most ingenious manner; but he really had no claim to the invention of a sewing-machine, although some years later, by a few additions, this very embroidery-machine was made to sew. In 1858, when the merit of the American instrument was becoming well known, Mr. Fisher endeavoured to obtain an extension of his patent, which had been allowed to lie dormant for many years, on the plea that he had not time to perfect his machine; but the Court refused his application; and, indeed, this attempt to turn an embroidery-machine into a sewing-machine was only an afterthought, brought about by Howe's success. The essentials of a sewing-machine, to use the language of one of Mr. Howe's advocates, may be divided into three parts:—

1. A mechanism for making stitches, or interlocking of thread, in combination with an apparatus for making tension on the thread and drawing up and duly securing each stitch when formed.
2. An apparatus consisting of two surfaces, between which the material to be sewn is contained, and which support it against the thrust and retraction of the needle, and in such a position as to permit the stitches to be drawn tight.
3. An automatic, intermittingly feeding apparatus, which causes the material to progress with a regular uninterrupted movement, between the holding surfaces in the intervals between the successive punctures of the needle, with an unerring absolute precision and uniformity of effect impossible to obtain by hand.

Howe was the first inventor who combined these movements in one machine, and to him, without doubt, is due the credit of bringing it into practical use. The public are so familiar with the apparatus, consisting of an iron arm and an arrangement of parts at its extremity which almost rivals the human hand in delicacy, that we need not enter into any particulars as to its appearance or mode of operation further than to say that Howe's original machine contains the germ of the numberless patents that have appeared since his was taken out, and that, in consequence, every American sewing-machine exported to this country pays a royalty to him of one dollar for that right, and a royalty is also exacted for home use. The method by which the stitch is made by the various machines now in use, and the character of the stitch itself, vary very much. The majority of these sewing-machines make what is called the lock-stitch—by far the most durable method of sewing. In order to accomplish this a loop of thread is thrust by the eye-pointed needle through the material to be sewn. This loop is threaded by a shuttle which traverses backwards and forwards on the under side of the material. By these means the thread is made to interlock within its substance—a very important feature, inasmuch as the fastening of the thread is protected from the friction of wear and washing. All machines used in trades where strength of sewing is required make this stitch: indeed, cloth and leather work would not bear the loop-stitch fastening, which is made outside of the material sewn, and forms a ridge very liable to be worn away. Howe's, Thomas's, and Singer's powerful manufacturing machines make the lock-stitch. There is also another machine which works it, but in a different manner. The Wheeler and Wilson machine, which is the one best calculated for household work, makes the lock-stitch by means of a rotating hook, which interlaces the thread on the under side and does away with the necessity for the shuttle, which is unnecessarily noisy in the drawing-room or boudoir. There are other machines which substitute a looper for the shuttle, and make a single-thread loop-stitch, which is apt to unravel. It seems to us that a good single-thread machine which would imitate hand sewing, which for all ordinary purposes is quite firm enough, is yet a desideratum, inasmuch as such a contrivance would necessarily be more simple than a machine sewing with a double thread, and would economise its use. Some of the sewing-machines are very extravagant in this respect, one of the most noted of those making a double-loop chain-stitch using five yards of thread to one of sewing. This is a serious matter, looked upon in a manufacturer's point of view, where the great aim is to economise the material. The sewing-machine proper does nothing but plain stitching; but there are several ingenious appliances for hemming, tucking, and binding, the invention of M. Chapin, a Frenchman. "By this mechanism the machine prepares its own hem, and stitches it at the same instant; lays and sews simultaneously the binding on the edge of any material, and plait tucks of an almost flounce width, sewing them with mathematical regularity and precision." Everything, in short, that the most cunning sempstress can do with her needle the machine can do vastly better and quicker, with two exceptions—namely, buttonhole-making and sewing buttons on; and we hear that the former will shortly be an exception no longer. We have asked more than one sewing-machine manufacturer why our work-rooms may not be finally redeemed from drudgery by the introduction of a stretching-darner—a machine that would sweeten the female temper more than any other invention; but this simple thing is looked upon as impossible; at all events, its advent awaits some future Howe.—*Times.*

A MOVEMENT for the abolition of turnpikes on the south side of the Thames has been commenced by the inhabitants of Lewisham.

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